

A CRITICAL EDITION OF THE ODES OF
MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES

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HELEN PETERS

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A Critical Edition of the Odes of

Mark Akenside, M.D.

Edited with an

Introduction by



Helen Peters

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Master
of Arts in the Department of English
Language and Literature, Memorial
University of Newfoundland,
August 1972

ABSTRACT

This thesis presents a critical edition of the Odes of Mark Akenside based on the official posthumous edition of his collected poetic works, as edited by his friend Jeremiah Dyson in 1772. Two odes, not included in Dyson's edition, one in The Gentleman's Magazine (1739) the other in John Garnett's New Brunswick edition of Akenside's works (1808), have been attributed to the poet by several of his biographers and are included in the present text. Of the odes published by Dyson, roughly half are presented in their final-revised forms but had been published previously in earlier versions. This edition, therefore, also presents in the textual apparatus the earlier substantive authorial variants of these odes in a manner designed to allow reconstruction of the earlier versions.

The Introduction discusses Akenside's use of the ode form, particularly his attempt to imitate classical models in Neo-classic idiom and conventions. In the discussion, the recent tradition of Akenside criticism, based largely on "The Pleasures of Imagination" and the poet's alleged pre-Romantic tendencies, is dismissed as having little bearing on the Odes, for the study of these poems reveals him as a practitioner of an established tradition rather than as an innovator of a new form of poetry.

The second part of the Introduction discusses the nature of his revisions, some of which show his struggle to compose English odes based on classical models in accordance with the diction and decorum of the

Augustans; others are of a kind common to all poets who habitually reworked their poems. Revision is widespread in a surprisingly large number of authors, and, as such information is of importance in the study of literary works, this thesis has as one of its principal concerns the devising of editorial procedures to reflect the complexity of the textual evidence in one revising poet.



Mt Kenside

Mark Akenside

Odes

PREFACE

Akenside is one of several poets who revised their poetry once, twice, and even three times in successive publications. This text attempts to make his odes available in all the significant variant forms which can be recovered from the printed evidence. Thirty-two odes and one fragment are printed from Jeremiah Dyson's official posthumous edition of Akenside's poetic works (1772), one from The Gentleman's Magazine (1739), and one from John Garrett's New Brunswick edition of the poet's works (1808). Earlier versions of roughly half the odes printed by Dyson had been published in London, both in collection and singly, prior to 1772. The substantive variants of these forms are presented in the apparatus.

The Introduction views Akenside as a Neo-classic poet, emphasizing his struggle in writing English odes based on classical models in accordance with the poetic principles of the Augustan age; it also discusses the nature of his revisions.

Both in the construction of the text and in the Introduction, I am indebted to the British Museum for making its Akenside collection available to me. My thanks are also due the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the Newcastle-upon-Tyne University Library; and Trinity College, Dublin which also provided me with valuable material.

I am extremely grateful to Dr. G.M. Story whose advice on the presentation of the text and whose comments on the Introduction were invaluable; and also to Dr. E.H. King for his constructive criticism of

the Introduction. For the photographs used in the text I am indebted to Mr. W. Marsh of the Department of Geology, Memorial University.

As this work is essentially Mark Akenside's and not my own, it can bear no dedication; could it do so, I would dedicate it to Professor Margaret Miles-Cadman, teacher.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	iv
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	viii
GENERAL INTRODUCTION	
1. Akenside's Use of the Ode	ix
2. Authorial Revision	xxdix
TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION	lii
SIGLA	lix
TEXT	
Advertisement to <u>Odes on Several Subjects</u> 1745	1
Advertisement to <u>The Poems of Mark Akenside, M.D.</u> 1772	2
ODES, BOOK THE FIRST	
I. Preface	6
II. On the Winter-Solstice, M.D.CC.XL.	9
III. To a Friend, Unsuccessful in Love	17
IV. Affected Indifference. To the Same	21
V. Against Suspicion	22
VI. Hymn to Cheerfulness	25
VII. On the Use of Poetry	34
VIII. On Leaving Holland	36
IX. To Curio. MDCCLXIV	41
X. To the Muse	56
XI. On Love, to a Friend	58
XII. To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet	62
XIII. On Lyric Poetry	68

XIV. To the Honourable Charles Townshend: From the Country	75
XV. To the Evening-Star	77
XVI. To Caleb Hardinge, M.D.	81
XVII. On a Sermon against Glory. MDCCXLVII	83
XVIII. To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon. MDCCXLVII	84
ODES, BOOK THE SECOND	
I. The Remonstrance of Shakespeare. MDCCXLIX	98
II. To Sleep	102
III. To the Cuckow	105
IV. To the Honourable Charles Townshend in the Country. MDCCCL	107
V. On Love of Praise	115
VI. To William Hall, Esquire: With the Works of Chaulieu	116
VII. To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester. MDCCCLIV	118
VIII.	122
IX. At Study	124
X. To Thomas Edwards, Esquires: On the Late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works. MDCCCLI	125
XI. To the Country Gentlemen of England. MDCCCLVIII	128
XII. On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness, in the Country. MDCCCLVIII	136
XIII. To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg: MDCCCLI	140
XIV. The Complaint	142
XV. On Domestic Manners. [unfinished]	143
ODES, ATTRIBUTED TO AKENSIDE	
I. Horace, B. iii Ode I	147
II. An Ode, July, 1740.	150
INDEX OF TITLES	152
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	154
BIBLIOGRAPHY	156

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece: Portrait of Akenside, from The Poetical Works of Mark Akenside. Edited, with a Life by Rev. Alexander Dyce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1854.

P. ii. Facsimile of Akenside's handwriting (reduced), from The Works of Mark Akenside, M.D. Essay by Mrs. Barbauld, edited by John Garnett. New Brunswick, New Jersey: William Elliot, 1808.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

1. Akenside's Use of the Ode

The reputation of Mark Akenside has rested chiefly on his major work, a didactic blank verse poem in three books called "The Pleasures of Imagination" (1744). This poem, extremely popular in its day, was moderately praised by Dr. Johnson,¹ but had only a modest circulation in the nineteenth century. It has not been ignored in the twentieth century, with critical attention chiefly concerning itself with the possibility of Akenside's being a precursor of Romanticism.² It has, for example, been pointed out that he was a disciple of Anthony Ashley Cooper, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, and from him gained a view of nature which perhaps shows him as a forerunner of Wordsworth. His supposed influence upon the poems of Coleridge and Keats has also been noted. Directly opposed to this assessment is that which views Akenside's theory of imagination as an amalgamation of ideas from Plato, Aristotle, Locke, and Addison, and which concludes that the poet should not be regarded as a precursor of Romanticism.

As a lyric poet, however, as a writer of odes, Akenside has been

¹ Samuel Johnson, The Lives of the English Poets. Completed by William Hazlitt, (London: Nathaniel Cooke, 1854), IV, 96-101.

² There are discussions in John L. Mahoney, "Akenside and Shaftesbury: the Influence of Philosophy on English Romantic Poetry", Discourse, 4 (1961), 241-47; W.L. Renwick, "Akenside and Others", Durham Univ. Journal, (Mar., 1942), 94-102; L. Cooper, "Coleridge's Imitation of Akenside", Athenaeum, (Feb. 11, 1905), 1: 177-78; Arthur Pollard, "Keats and Akenside: a Borrowing in the Ode to a Nightingale", Modern Language Review, 51 (1956), 75-77; Alfred Owen Aldridge, "Akenside and Imagination", Studies in Philology, 42 (1945), 769-92.

largely ignored. It is true, however, that Charles Bucke³ writing in the nineteenth century admired his lyrical productions:

As a lyric poet, Akenside yields, on the whole, to Gray and Collins. He is defective in pathos; his images occasionally want warmth, and his verse melody; but his lyrical productions, nevertheless, exhibit a fine glow of sentiment, an ardent admiration of the great and good, an enthusiastic love of true liberty, an utter detestation of tyranny, and a fine sensibility to all the best and noblest feelings of the heart.

In his study of the English ode, Shuster⁴ devotes a page to Akenside, finding that the chief merit of the poet is his stanza form, retaining, when he is good, "the firmness of contour, the concluding half-epigrammatical, sententious line, which had been his century's most commendable achievements."

The novelist, Tobias Smollett, came closer to what Akenside was attempting than did these critics. Smollett appeared well acquainted with some of his works, and quite possibly was aware of his controversy with Bishop Warburton⁵ over Akenside's adherence to the contention of Shaftesbury's Characteristics that ridicule is the test of truth. He therefore held the poet up to ridicule as 'the Physician' in Peregrine Pickle, characterizing him as a classical pedant;⁶ the treatment is

³ Charles Bucke, On the Life, Writings, and Genius of Akenside, (London: James Cochrane, 1832), p. 89.

⁴ George N. Shuster, The English Ode from Milton to Keats, (Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith, 1964), [reprint], p. 202.

⁵ Bishop William Warburton in "Preface" to "Remarks on Several Occasional Reflections, in Answer to Dr. Middleton, etc.", The Daily Post, (March 16, 1744) castigates Akenside's use of ridicule. The "Preface" was afterwards reprinted as "Postscript to the Dedication to the Freethinkers" in the Divine Legation of Moses, 5th edition, (1766).

⁶ H. Buck, "Smollett and Dr. Akenside", Journal of English and German Philology, 31 (Jan., 1932), 10-26.

cruel, but essentially correct. Apart from this, Akenside has not usually been viewed as a neo-classicist, yet to follow classical models was his intent:

The following ODES were written at very distant intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expression and versification. The author pretends chiefly to the merit of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the best models.

This aim was in accordance with Neo-classic poetic practice followed by writers such as Pope, Dryden, and Gray whose imitations and translations are of diverse originals ranging from Horace and Ovid to Chaucer. Not only were classical models imitated in English by them and Akenside, but large numbers of compositions were produced in Latin by poets such as Gray, John Jortin, Anthony Alsop, the Friend brothers, and other Anglo-Latin poets.⁸ Akenside, who composed inscriptions in Latin, wrote his odes in English, his chief model being Horace.

A brief glance at the odes of the English and Roman poets is sufficient to show that Akenside's imitation did not extend to metrics and stanza forms; it was limited to subject matter, occasionally to manner of expression, and, more rarely, tone. Several of his odes are based on Horace, frequently in part, occasionally in toto; in all the odes classical machinery and Horatian 'commonplaces' appear.

⁷ "Advertisement" to Odes on Several Subjects, (1745). This edition, p. 1.

⁸ Discussed by Leicester Bradner, Musae Anglicanae: A History of Anglo-Latin Poetry 1500-1925, (New York: Modern Language Association of America, 1940), pp. 226-96.

This introduction is chiefly concerned with Akenside the Neo-classic lyric poet. In this section the main focus will be those models he admired, looking at his use of material from his favourite poets and his adaptation of classical machinery in his odes. The second section will deal with Akenside's revisions, here it will be seen that he revised for his own personal reasons, in accordance with Neo-classic conventions, and also in ways common to all revising poets.

A discussion of the odes, both models and imitations, involves both general and specific borrowings. Before examining the odes in detail, certain general themes should be mentioned. Like Horace, Akenside was aware of his literary pedigree, and imitated well-known passages of his "illustrious predecessors",⁹ notably, Pindar, Alcaeus, Sappho, and Anacreon. Again, like the Roman poet, he urges enjoyment of the day (iii. I. 26-32) yet also resorts to Stoicism (ii. VI. 25-32); the pointlessness of avarice is treated (i. III. 36-42) and also the loss of all possessions at death (iii. I. 18-25). Finally, following Horace, he uses geographical references in several odes, vocative addresses, the mention of scenes from his boyhood (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), the countryside, and the names of friends either real or disguised.

For detailed study, it is useful to group the poems in categories according to subject matter as the topics covered, poetry, patriotism and love of liberty, friendship, love, and a miscellaneous group are distinct yet lead to each other in the order here discussed.

⁹ R.G.M. Nisbet and Margaret Hubbard, A Commentary on Horace: Odes Book I, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1957), p. xi.

Odes on Poetry

Poetry itself is the topic of nine odes and this group shows Akenside's poetic credo, both as a Neo-classicist and as an individual.

"Preface", i. I, formerly called "Allusion to Horace" (1745),¹⁰ takes one theme only from Horace's iv. II. The idea of Horace as a lowly Matinian bee and Pindar a Dircean swan appeals to Akenside and he incorporates it in his ode, resolving to follow the former and not the latter. This is the extent of Horatian borrowing in the poem. Having expressed his taste as regards the classical writers, he gives his opinion of contemporary poets. Like Pope he has no qualms about castigating a contemporary, but having begun his ode without referring to poets by name, he continues, leaving the reader to guess the identity of the objects of his derision. The "boding raven" may well be Thomas Warton who liked Gothic gloom and whose verse "always conveys a faint aroma of midnight oil."¹¹ The "owl" is possibly Edward Young, parts of whose Night Thoughts had been published when Akenside's ode first appeared in 1745. Other poets criticised are probably Robert Blair (The Grave), John Jortin and William Thompson who published 'graveyard poems' in Latin, and it is not unlikely that the "noxious thing" refers to the satiric writing of the Jacobite, William King, for Akenside like most Neo-classic writers was in favour of the Hanoverian rule and the stable government England had achieved since the overthrow of the Stuarts.

¹⁰ For sigla used in this edition see p. lix.

¹¹ Shuster, p. 200.

"On the Use of Poetry", i. VII, is based on two Horatian odes (i. I and iv. VIII). Horace's first ode (i. I) is composed on the pattern of a Greek "priamel",¹² leading up to the main point through a preparatory chain. "The pursuits of various types of men serve as a foil"¹³ to the poet's own life and scale of values. All men have their part to play, and Horace's role is that of vates. The other model (iv. VIII) culminates in the idea that it is only through a poet's praise that any man can be granted immortality.¹⁴ Akenside's ode begins with the roles ordained to man, working quickly to the important role of the poet:

Nor far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
19-21

The last three stanzas of the ode follow the second model (iv. VIII) by listing forgotten heroes of both ancient history and seventeenth-century England, contrasting them with the poet and his immortal works.

The first ode of section three is a translation rather than an imitation. In his poem (iii. I.) Horace, in a dignified and remote manner, refers to himself as the Muses' priest and castigates the folly of wrong living. Akenside retains the subject matter of this ode, inserting a section, not in the original, which consists of a series of questions asking why the pleasures of the moment are not grasped (26-32). The tone of the original is lost as Akenside appears

¹² Edward Fraenkel, Horace, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1957), p. 230.

¹³ Ibid., p. 231.

¹⁴ Ibid., p. 421. Cf. also Shakespeare's sonnets.

peevish and involved.

"To the Muse", i. X, earlier called "On the Absence of the Poetic Inclination" (1745), is an interesting rejection of the classics and an announcement of the poet's dependence upon the English tradition of poetry. The "queen of [his] songs" has left him and with her has gone his inspiration. Olympia was Dione¹⁵ in the earlier version and is a symbol of classic verse; in both versions she is unable to rouse his poetic flame. Only Milton's name wakes him from his lethargy, allowing his Muse to return.

"On Lyric Poetry", i. XIII, is based on Horace's iv. IX and written in Pindaric stanzas (strophe, antistrophe, and epode). Like Horace he shows the dignity of the lyric form, and like him too, parades the great lyric writers of the past for the reader's inspection. Horace names seven poets, Akenside only four, sketching their characters in greater detail. He first introduces Anacreon, the poet of Teos, associated with wine and roses; next Alceus, the patriotic poet of Lesbos; thirdly, Sappho. The treatment of Sappho is interesting for in Horace's poem, she "is described in such a way and with such affection that the reader is given at least some idea of the true nature of her poetry:

spirat adhuc amor
vivuntque commissi calores¹⁶
Aeoliae fidibus puellas."

¹⁵ Dione or Diana was the Triple-goddess of the Dove and Oak. Her temple was at Dodona. For a discussion of Olympia see p. xlii.

¹⁶ Fraenkel, p. 424.

Akenside tries to achieve the Horatian effect by translating lines

20-24 of Sappho's "To Aphrodite":

Ψάπφ', ἀδικήεις;
καὶ γὰρ αἱ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,
αἱ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει,
αἱ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει 17
κῶνικ' ἐθέλοισα·

Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
Say, flies he?— Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?— He soon shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?— He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

36-40¹⁸

Akenside ends the procession, as Horace had begun his, with Pindar, "the man of Thebes". The ode is not finished, however, for Akenside departs from his model and continues with a plea to Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy, to grace the English scene as she had the Greek, hopefully unaccompanied by the "impious revels" which, in her wake, had infected Greece. The power of this muse is described and the hope that wisdom will guide her is expressed. The poet then wishes that this companion of his leisured, non-medical hours would help him to reproduce the lyrics of his great forebears. The ode draws to a close with the declaration that to write of patriotism and liberty he needs no Muse's assistance, and ends "Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd" (120). According to Bucke,¹⁹ Akenside was determined to write an epic about his favourite hero Timoleon, and the reference here

¹⁶ Fraenkel, p. 424.

¹⁷ *Lyra Graeca*, ed. and trans. by J.M. Edmonds, (London: William Heinemann, 1952), I, 184.

¹⁸ Akenside interpolates 'he' for 'she'.

¹⁹ Bucke, p. 73.

is to Glover, whose "Leonidas" he considered to be a failure.

"To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg", ii. XIII, expresses displeasure at King Frederick of Prussia's turning historian and possibly giving a spurious account of history to posterity. After comparing him with those other chronicling warriors, Xenophon and Julius Caesar, he ends the ode with the horror that true legislators must feel over the presumption of Frederick.

"To William Hall, Esquire: With the Works of Chaulieu", ii. VI, shows the influence on men which Akenside assigned to the poet. Hall, slightly acquainted with Akenside, was living licentiously and, according to Haupt,²⁰ the poet sent him the voluptuous writings of Abbé de Chaulieu accompanied by this ode criticising the works, in hopes of reforming him. His criticism of Chaulieu states that his poetry is not dictated by the Muse. His writing is a "well-dissembled art" giving harmony to "the lame pace of Gallic rhymes" (12), but lacking the skill and grandeur of the ancient bards. Of his subject matter, Akenside continues, it is unnecessary to invoke the stern morality of Cato or Chryssippus's Stoicism to prove that Chaulieu's creed, ignoring all gods but Bacchus and Venus, cannot win approval of the "inexorable Judge within".

"To Thomas Edwards, Esquire: on the Late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works, MDCCLII", ii. X, published first in 1758, is a tribute to Edwards, the author of Canons of Criticism (1751) in which he criticised Akenside's old enemy Warburton and his edition of Shakespeare. In the poem

²⁰ Charles Theodore Haupt, Mark Akenside: a Biographical and Critical Study, (Philadelphia: University Press, 1944), p. 124.

Warburton stands alone in disliking Pope, against the whole tradition of poetry from Virgil to Milton. The ode ends with an appeal to Edwards again to stop the "railer's tongue".

The last poem solely concerned with the poetic art is "The Remonstrance of Shakespeare", ii. I. Here Akenside attempts the heroic couplet of Pope on the subject matter of Dryden's An Essay of Dramatic Poesy. From Dryden's rivalry between English and French drama, he takes the main thesis in his treatment of the French comedians and Shakespeare; to it he adds his own feverish patriotism and his own love of liberty:

I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore;
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
23-28

.
Or have my various scenes a purpose Known
Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?
43-44

Of these nine odes, four are based on Horace, one on Dryden, and four appear to have no specific models. In those cases where models and imitations can be compared, the debt is seen to vary from a single theme incorporated in an entirely different poem to a rendering of much of the subject matter found in the originals. In all the odes classical allusions occur, sometimes merely for decoration, but at times, as in ii. XIII where Frederick is made one more in a series of spurious historian-rulers, the allusions give scope to the work. The Muse, he claims, is his inspiration, coming to him via the media of earlier poets, both ancient and English. Regarding his taste in poetry, he is quite clear-- he likes the great poets of Greece, Rome,

and England, and detests the graveyard school, licentious poets, dishonest writers, and French dramatists. These latter fail in their duty as laid down by Horace--the poet must please and instruct. To Akenside, the best instruction the poet can give is that which instills love of liberty and patriotism. Indeed, he finds this the chief function of the poet.

Odes on Patriotism and Liberty

There are five odes in this group; they are generally his longest odes, suiting the importance which he assigned to the topic.

The first ode on the theme is i. VIII, "On Leaving Holland", written in Pindaric stanzas. Akenside took his medical degree at Leyden on May 16, 1744, and left Holland very shortly after. This ode commemorates his departure by contrasting his dislike of Holland with his love for England. In Holland, he claims, mediocrity reigned, poetic inspiration was stunted, love impossible, and liberty non-existent; the poet therefore looks forward to returning to England with its pastoral beauties and inspiring nymphs which will aid him in creating music on the Greek pattern. The music he creates, however, fails to achieve the harmony of the Greek:

O Phoebus,²¹ guardian of the Ionian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own?

52-53

But the real inspiration for writing in England is its liberty. The poem goes on to say that he will rise, with his country, above "degenerate

²¹ Phoebus Apollo, Greek god of music, archery, prophecy, medicine, and care of flocks. Of his oracular shrines, Delphi was chief, but an important one was at Claros in Ionia.

Latium"²² and Roman-enslaved Gaul like the seventeenth-century, political-freedom fighters who have prepared the way. The advantages their rebellion has bestowed, courage, science, and truth, instill patriotism into the English, making them lovers of liberty who detest those foreign shores that fail to share their view.

Immediately following this ode is "To Curio", i. IX, which first appeared as "An Epistle to Curio" (1744). Curio is William Pulteney, a staunch member of the Whig opposition during Sir Robert Walpole's government. On July 14, 1742, he was made a Peer with the title Earl of Bath and it was generally thought that he "bartered his patriotism for an earldom".²³ The "Epistle" has been among the best-received of Akenside's poems; the "Ode" has not fared so well and most commentators who mention the poems refer to Johnson's remark that "having written with great vigour and poignancy his Epistle to Curio, he transformed it afterwards into an Ode disgraceful only to its author."²⁴

Both poems concern the treachery of Pulteney; in the "Epistle" the setting is classical, but in the "Ode" the background becomes English in an attempt to bring the deeds involved closer to the English conscience. He anglicises by introducing a section listing English kings:

²² Latium is Rome which did not 'fall' until well into the Christian era. Perhaps Akenside is thinking of the change from republican to imperial rule which had begun with Caesar. Since he appears to hold republican views he is probably adopting the pose, common among some Roman writers of the imperial era, that Rome has declined from the vigour and purity of the republican age.

²³ Haupt, p. 98.

²⁴ Johnson, IV, 101.

O Alfred, father of the English name,
O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
65-67

He also revises passages to eliminate classical allusions, replacing them with English material:

O Latium oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
Epistle, 158
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
Ode, 72

Those betrayers of English freedom, Thomas Wentworth, the Earl of Strafford, under Charles I, and Thomas Clifford under Charles II,²⁵ replace the Roman tyrants, Appius Claudius and L. Cornelius Cinna of the "Epistle".²⁶

The "Ode" ends with a plea to ignore classical history and to look to England's past as a model for government and political thinking:

Dream not of Numa's manners,²⁷ Plato's laws:
A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
156-58

"To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon", i. XVIII, is a long Pindaric ode urging Hastings, the Earl of Huntingdon, as poet and public figure, to incite the people of England to noble action. Because Hastings is both poet and politician, the ode discusses these roles and the manners in which they have been acted from Greek to modern

²⁵ Ode, 133-34.

²⁶ Epistle, 311-12.

²⁷ Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome.

times. The noblest role is that of the poet who, like Pindar and Milton, plays an active part in the political affairs of his country, and the basest, he who merely flatters a tyrant or promotes pleasure without instructing. As the ode draws to a close, England's civil war is discussed, and Akenside's republican feelings appear; the revolutionaries "plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign" (200). The end of the ode is a warning against those Stuart sympathisers who are still enemies of the Hanoverian regime.

Before leaving this ode, a possible debt to Pope must be mentioned. According to Haupt,²⁸ Warton contended that Akenside's lines:

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
91-94

are successfully based on ll. 247-52 of the Essay on Criticism :

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear,
The Whole at once is bold and regular.

"To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester",
ii. VII, is a Pindaric ode addressed to Benjamin Hoadley who, like Akenside, was a self-appointed defender of civil and political liberty and a controversialist of note.²⁹ Akenside's admiration of his religious, civil, and political principles is strong:

²⁸ Haupt, p. 137.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 135.

For not a conqueror's sword,
 Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
 Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine,
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit³⁰ loose, nor Atterbury's rage.³¹
 49-60

The last of the patriotic odes, "To the Country Gentlemen of England", ii. XI, exhorts the men addressed to attempt to regain the valour of past ages, both ancient and England's own. The poem was written while England was engaged in the Seven Years War, and except for the few actually involved in fighting, war profiteering and 'business-as-usual' prevailed, even in the face of losses in the European theatre and a threatened invasion of the island.³² Akenside was incensed, not only at the complacency of the English, but with all nations engaged in the war who used mercenary armies to fight their battles. The ode, however, chiefly attacks the men of England who remained away from the fronts, surrounded by the protecting sea, collecting envy-breeding wealth to their peril. Such preoccupation with comfort and wealth cost them their freedom, which they could only regain by participating in war, leading their own troops as their fathers had done.

³⁰ Henry St. John Bolingbroke (1678-1751), whose deistical Philosophical Works was published in 1752.

³¹ Francis Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester (1622-1732). He openly opposed the Catholicism of James II, and under Queen Anne, he became a Jacobite. He was banished in 1722 (DNB).

³² Haupt, p. 142.

He taunts them:

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post?
71-72

He flings the names and deeds of warriors, both ancient and fourteenth and fifteenth-century English, at his compatriots who, having lost contact with the land, are "deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd" (113), while "loose adventurers" fight their battles.

Akenside's odes on liberty and patriotism show his love for his country and the faults he finds with the people of his day whose views on republicanism, leadership, freedom, politics, and patriotism fail to agree with his own. There is little doubt after reading the odes that he tries to perform the function of the poet as he sees it, attempting to incite his readers to love of liberty and patriotic fervor that will match in intensity, his own feelings on the subject. Reaction to his attempts ranges from enthusiastic acceptance to mere tolerant reception.³³

³³ Bucke on p. 124 quotes the Monthly Review as follows: "The poetical productions of this two-fold disciple of Apollo have this peculiar excellence; they uniformly glow with the sacred fire of liberty; in as much that our public-spirited doctor well deserves to be styled the poet of the community. In this light we read his Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England, with peculiar satisfaction. It is spirited, manly, and sufficiently poetical, for those to whom it is addressed;—and as, in former times, the halls of our rural ancestors were adorned with passages from our old chronicles, so we heartily wish, that most of the stanzas of this patriotic performance were to supply the place, in our modern mansions, of race horses, Newmarket jockies, and the trophies of the chase."

Haupt, on pp. 143-44, cites John Byrom's parody of Akenside and William Whitehead called "Remarks upon Dr. Akenside's and Mr. Whitehead's Verses":

"Whither is EUROPE'S ancient spirit fled?"
How came this Query in the Doctor's head?
"Whither is BRITAIN'S?" —one had sooner guess'd,
In Ode to his own Countrymen address'd;

Of his specific debt to the ancients in these odes there is little to be said. There is nothing as specific as his borrowings from Horace in other odes, except, of course, the Pindaric stanza (strophe, antistrophe, and epode) which he uses in three of the five odes and general themes of patriotism found in Pindar's Epinician odes and common in Horace as well. It is worth noting that unlike Cowley, Pomfret, Isaac Watts, and others, Akenside did not use the Pindaric form to take "a holiday from the Rules"³⁴ and break with Neo-classic conventions. His structure is as formal as his model's, and his themes no wilder than is usual in his odes.

Odes on Friendship

In the odes on friendship, as in the odes on poetic theory, patriotism and love of freedom play a major role, being a topic of con-

But, as outlandish Rivers soon infer it,
(Six in three Lines) it must be EUROPE'S Spirit.

Of "valiant Tenants of her Shore," 'tis said,
"Who from the warrior Bow the strong Dart's sped;"
Let Bow be "Warrior," and let Dart be "strong,"
Verse does not "speed" so speedily along;
"The strong Dart sped" —does go but thump, thump, thump,
That quick as thrown should pierce the Liver plump.

"And with firm Hand the rapid Poleaxe bore."
If it had been "the rapid Dart" before,
And "the strong poleaxe," here, it had agreed
With a firm Hold as well, and darting speed.
Whither are fled from Ode-Versification
The ancient "Pleasures of Imagination"?

³⁴ James Sutherland, A Preface to Eighteenth Century Poetry, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1948), p. 146.

versation for the poet and his friends.

The first ode, "To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet", i. XII, exists in two quite different versions. The variant printed in the apparatus is an invitation to Drake,³⁵ asking him to spend January 30, 1749 at Hampstead with Jeremiah Dyson³⁶ and himself to commemorate the execution of Charles I. It will be an intimate meeting during which they can speak privately of England's present, Greek's past, poetry, philosophy, and friendship.

The form of the ode printed as the main text has a broad base of themes from Horace. It begins with allusions to astronomy and classical mythology, then describes, in Horatian manner, a farmer working his land.³⁷

Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

5-10

Statesmen hurry to London while rural damsels aspire to their attention;

³⁵ For note on Drake see note 3, p. 62.

³⁶ Jeremiah Dyson, lawyer, Clerk of the House of Commons, 1747-62. He was elected M.P. for the Borough of Haslemere in 1762, became Secretary to the Treasury, and was made Lord of the Treasury in 1768. He met Akenside in 1744 and became his lifelong friend. He is supposed to have allowed the poet £300 per year; he introduced him to his influential friends and was instrumental in Akenside's obtaining the post of Physician in Ordinary to Queen Charlotte. He is referred to in a number of Akenside's poems.

³⁷ Nisbet, p. xx. In several of Horace's odes, "rustics live simply but abundantly ... Yet the picture is not all idyllic".

only Drake remains in the country. The teasing invitation is extended³⁸ requesting that Drake spend Guy Fawkes Day (November 5th) with him,³⁹ so that they may speak of the perfidy of James II and the nobility of William of Orange. As not only public matters are of concern to friends, their conversation will turn to private subjects, such as love. Three women are mentioned in connection with Drake— Aglaia, one of the three Graces; Daphne, a mountain nymph; and Myrto, a title of the Sea-goddess. As for Akenside himself, he is still involved with Olympia, and here again I believe her to be a symbol of Greek verse. There is no authority identifying the women whom Akenside claims to love, and I am inclined to think that here, as in Horace, "while the male participants are real...The girls are fictitious and sometimes romanticised".⁴⁰

Two odes are addressed to Charles Townshend, i. XIV "From the Country" and ii. IV "In the Country". Townshend was a noted parliamentary speaker who became a Lord of the Admiralty, and later Chancellor of the Exchequer. His friendship with Akenside faded sometime after the second ode had been written and no positive reason for the failure of their friendship has ever been given.⁴¹

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. xxi. Teasing is associated with the invitation poem; p. xv. Odes in the form of invitations and celebration of festivals are common Horatian themes.

³⁹ Haupt, p. 121.

⁴⁰ Nisbet, p. xvi.

⁴¹ Bucke, pp. 115-16 cites Boswell's assertion that the break occurred because Townshend's social position rose above that of the poet. He then discredited that contention.

The first ode (i. XIV) urges Townshend to join him in the country where spring is very pleasant. It is a good example of eighteenth-century usage of classical machinery; for example, his expression of his inability to write:

the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

16-18

Inspiration comes in the form of Naiads and wood-nymphs who are unable to help him since he suffers from "grief of love". When Drake comes, friendship will restore his happiness:

Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train
And listen to my lyre.

40-42

The second ode, "In the Country", ii. IV, is quite different. It is a long Pindaric which early states the author's premonition of the ending of the friendship he had enjoyed with Townshend in rustic bliss. Townshend must leave this life to take up his new duties:

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.

21-24

The ode is full of advice and mentions not only those whose talents lie beneath Townshend's⁴² but also those whose deeds are too great to be emulated.⁴³ Akenside assures his friend that he will continue to advise and criticise him in his high role and stresses the problems

⁴² Poets such as Spenser who did not attempt to urge noble, warlike pursuits in his poetry and James Harrington (1664-1693), a lawyer and poet (DNE).

⁴³ Cromwell and a member of the legendary Vere family which held an Earldom through its male line which was continuous from the time of the Conqueror for five-and-a-half centuries (DNE).

which others have met and with which he will be faced. Peaceful pursuits are praised over warlike endeavours,⁴⁴ traitors castigated,⁴⁵ and noble men praised.⁴⁶ The ode ends with the hope that Townshend will act nobly and be a fit subject of praise for the poet's lyre.

The last ode, "To Caleb Hardinge, M.D.", i. XVI, is addressed to a medical acquaintance whom Akenside probably met through Dyson.⁴⁷ Hardinge was educated at King's College, Cambridge, and was appointed Physician Extraordinary to the King. He "was a man of singular habits and whims, a scholar with an inquiring mind, and a doctor noted for his medical sagacity."⁴⁸ He and Akenside had a violent argument at his home one evening about bilious colic. The argument, which caused Akenside to leave in a rage, was later forgotten owing to Hardinge's efforts, and the two remained friends.

The ode, beginning with allusions to astronomy, wintry nature, and the classics, concerns itself with Akenside's republican opinions on politics and the conversation he hopes to have with Hardinge. In their meeting, he hopes to speak of his early experience with the clergy⁴⁹ "Which my first youth inamor'd saw"(35), Locke's philosophy,

⁴⁴ The Civil War parliamentarian, John Pym, is praised over General Fairfax.

⁴⁵ Thomas Wentworth, the Earl of Strafford.

⁴⁶ Somers. See note 5, p. 65.

⁴⁷ Haupt, p. 119.

⁴⁸ Ibid., p. 120.

⁴⁹ Akenside and his family were Dissenters. When he first went to Edinburgh, he studied for the clergy but after a year, left the ministry for medicine.

and Virgil. The ode ends with a plea to his Muse that she chastise his "English fancy" to "Grecian purity" as he tries to combine truth and beauty and attempts to control Plato's philosophy with Bacon's inductive science.

The odes on friendship show the influence of the classics, one in particular owing much to Horace. His high regard for friendship and conversation shows him in agreement with his age when poets had patrons, and conversation was highly prized:

The writers are never tired of discussing it. Steele gives much of his space in Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians to explaining the nature and significance of polite conversation; Swift satirizes conversational clichés; Fielding writes a long essay and Cowper a long poem on conversation; Johnson deals with it in the Rambler and practises it continually, while Boswell and others record it; Jane Austen counts it among the essential qualifications of a hero or heroine.⁵⁰

Odes on Love

Nine odes concern love, and incorporate both Akenside's own views and Horatian themes and treatment. No women have ever been identified in connection with Akenside, and to read his poems autobiographically would be, I think, fruitless.⁵¹

In "To a Friend, Unsuccessful in Love", i. III, previously called "To a Gentleman whose Mistress had married an Old Man" (1745), like Horace in i. XXXIII, Akenside adopts "a detached, ironic pose":⁵²

⁵⁰ Sutherland, p. 65.

⁵¹ Haupt offers no identifications but thinks the ladies existed. See p. 45, 105, 116.

⁵² Nisbet, p. xvii.

INDEED, my Phedria,⁵³ if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules,
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

1-7

As in the same Horatian model, he has "the satirist's eye for social comedy ... [in] the chain of incompatible and unrequited loves":⁵⁴

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

36-42

In Horace the rival is a young man, in Akenside he is a wealthy dotard. Phedria is urged to forget her, and in time will find "Some happier love, some truer fair" (63).

"Affected Indifference. To the Same", i. VI, chastises Phedria's inability to ignore his maid as her falsehood is best repaid with "cool neglect".

"On Love, to a Friend", i. XI, is influenced by Horace's i. VIII in which women ruin men's courage:

But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

12-14

If the friend is certain, however, that he is immune to love, he should

⁵³ A conventional classical name to disguise a contemporary; here it stands for Thomas Edwards.

⁵⁴ Nisbet, p. xvi.

visit his Delia⁵⁵ in her most beautiful and seductive setting. Classical machinery is introduced in the form of Apollo, Hermes, and Minerva, playing lyres; and the poet himself is greatly affected by the picture he has drawn. Warning against friendship with a woman, the poet tells of a time in his past when such friendship became tormenting love, and how, like Horace in iv.I, he is not yet free from temptation:

Fool that I was— and now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.

64-67

Ode II in the third section entitled "An Ode, July, 1740" is addressed to Cordelia and concerns the views of the younger Akenside on love. Here, his concern is for peaceful joy and friendship with the young woman. His hope is that they can stand where:

no rude storm of passion blows,
But sports, and smiles, and virtues play,
Cheer'd by affection's purest rays;

25-28

and watch the proud and ambitious jostling for social position.

Ode VIII in Book ii shows traces of those Horatian odes in which women's beauties are mentioned only in very general terms by the uninvolved poet. In the ode, Amoret is, to her lover, the fairest, most virtuous, and perfect of all beauties.

"At Study", ii. IX, shows the author involved, not with a lover:

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;

19-20

but with love:

⁵⁵ The name under which Flavia was celebrated in the love-poetry of Tibullus.

Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
Languishes for true content.
28-30

In "On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness, in the Country", ii. XII, the poet recovers his health, and consequently his Muse and the ability to write, at Dyson's estate on Golder's Hill. According to Bucke,⁵⁶ the friendship of Akenside and Dyson was in the classic manner as described by Plato, Cicero, Plutarch, Marcus Antoninus, and Epictetus (in Arrian). It is not surprising, therefore, to read of the Athenian sages, Mantuan music, and Tully's "reverend shade" which attend their time together. The end of the ode is in praise of true love, like the end of Horace's i. XIII. It is Akenside's epithalamion for Dyson's bride, in which she appears accompanied by the appropriate classical figures, Venus, Cupid, and Hymen, so that her union with Dyson has dignity equal to Dyson's friendship with the poet.

"The Complaint", ii. XIV, is bitter:

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, insidious love:
1-2

It would be pleasant to win a woman's heart, but love is a "squanderer of content and ease" (16).

The ode immediately following, "On Domestic Manners", ii. XV, is unfinished, and again bitter and abusive. English womanhood has lost its honour and sense of shame; as in Horace's i. V the women are flirts:

⁵⁶ Bucke, p. 71

But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impassive, as they move along,
Ask homage of the throng.

15-17

Also as in Horace (iii. VI) moral degradation has set in:

Our maids no more aspire
The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;

13-14

.....
Behold; unblest at home,
The father of the cheerless household mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at distance roam;
While she, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,
To meet him she prepares,
Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
A listless, harass'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

21-30

The poem ends with Britannia's guardian Genius about to vent her wrath on this state of affairs.

Akenside's odes on love, in virtually all cases, owe much to Horace in approach and theme. Peculiar to Akenside throughout, however, is his dislike of love and its effects which leads to speculation on disappointing affairs. There is no biographical information to prove or disprove involvements and they must remain in the realm of conjecture.

Other Odes

The remaining eight odes form no consistent group in subject matter or style; they are best viewed individually.

"On the Winter Solstice", i. II, is based in part on Horace (i. IX). It begins by tracing the northward sweep of the sun, which in its course passes Mount Potosi in Bolivia; Horace had mentioned Mount Soracte. The gloom of winter is painted, then the ode follows

Horace in urging fires and wine to dispel the misery. The poem departs from its source with the introduction of the rustic family awaiting the father's return and the invocation to the poet's lyre to hail the approaching spring. It follows the model again in urging man not to attempt interference with nature, and leaves with a stanza on the use of a wintry evening for meditating on ancient chiefs and legislators, Plato, and poetry. The source is followed again in urging companionship and love, then Akenside branches off into the coming spring which will return Eudora⁵⁷ (formerly Lucinda) to him; in her presence, he will again write.

Bucke⁵⁸ suggests that this ode influenced Robert Burns in writing his "Dirge".

"Against Suspicion", i. V, is supposedly addressed to an acquaintance whom Akenside had met in Edinburgh, and who suspected his wife of being involved with a man called Thurloe.⁵⁹ Suspicion is personified and both she and the poem move rapidly. From Horace, Akenside takes two ideas and incorporates them in his poem. The first is "Eurus" the east wind, which appears frequently in the odes of the Roman poet,⁶⁰ and the second is the healing power of the country.⁶¹ This lively ode moves rapidly to its conclusion--- the plea for an open mind.

⁵⁷ Possibly Eudore (generous) who was one of the Hyades or rain-makers.

⁵⁸ Bucke, p. 20.

⁵⁹ Haupt, p. 103.

⁶⁰ i. XXV; i. XXVIII; ii. XVI; iii. XVII; iv. IV; iv. VI.

⁶¹ i. XVII; iii. XXIX.

"Hymn to Cheerfulness", i. VI, is based loosely on Horace (i. XXXV) and possibly, as Haupt⁶² suggests, the birth of Cheerfulness is copied from that of "mirth" in Milton's "L'Allegro". The ode owes little to its Horatian model except in being a hymn to a goddess with a somewhat similar listing of her retinue. In Akenside's poem, however, it is Cheerfulness's mother Health whose companions are noted, not the heroine herself. The ode begins with a description of unpleasant weather, his own misery, and a plea for a soothing power in the person of Cheerfulness. The birth of the goddess follows, and her powers are discussed in relation to man as an individual, in the family, as a lover, and as a poet. Regarding poets, Akenside feels that Young and the graveyard school lack her influence while Homer, Pindar, Alcaeus, Sappho, Theocritus, Anacreon, and Horace are graced with her presence. The ode moves to a close in criticising the cheerless life of the hermit and ends with the hope that Cheerfulness will dwell with him and his friend Sophron.⁶³

"To the Evening Star", i. IV, is Akenside's most melodious ode. In subject matter it is similar to many of his odes, consisting of classical allusions, his renouncing of love, and the country-side. As he walks, listening to the joyful song of a nightingale, he thinks sadly of "man's uncertain lot", the power of kings, the woes of the virtuous, the grief of knowledge, passing pleasures, and his own cares.

"On a Sermon against Glory", i. XVII, shows "mental arrogance"

⁶² Haupt, p. 104, citing Havens.

⁶³ A Syracusan writer of mimes; here standing for Jeremiah Dyson.

and a "passionate interest in abstract problems".⁶⁴ The ode coldly prefers the glory of Milton, Timoleon, and Tully⁶⁵ over the power and wealth of France and Portugal.

"On Love of Praise", ii. V, deserves similar criticism for its argument in favour of praise which completely lacks human feeling and wit.

"To Sleep", ii. II, seeks the healing comfort of sleep, for the author who feels that he alone, in all of nature, fails to find rest. As one would expect, the poet is not bothered by love and does not wish for nightmares. The interest in the ode lies in the changes his ambitions have undergone during the course of his life. He no longer seeks kingly power, a life in politics,⁶⁶ wealth, or to be a hero; he wishes instead for poetic talent and medical ability.

⁶⁴ Iolo A. Williams, Seven XVIIIth Century Bibliographies, (London: Dulau, 1924), p. 83. Williams continues (ibid.):

He gives the ordinary modest, friendly, emotional, human being so very few concessions, that it is, perhaps, not astonishing that the ordinary human being has left him almost alone in his glory. Yet it is quite clear, I think, that Akenside did not lack emotion, but that his emotion was evoked, partly from natural inclination, and partly from deliberate intent, by subjects that do not, at a first glance, attract the attention and sympathy of the majority of mankind.

⁶⁵ Marcus Tullius, curule aedile of Rome. As such he used a chair or seat inlaid with ivory and shaped like a camp-stool which was used by the highest magistrates of Rome.

⁶⁶ When Akenside was a medical student at Edinburgh he was ambitious for a political career. Haupt, p. 41.

"To the Cuckow", ii. III, gently shows the quiet sorrow which comes from knowing that where the nightingale and romance exist, the cuckoo and disillusionment may be close behind.

These are the odes of Mark Akenside, discussed in the form in which they appear in the text of this edition. In the case of sixteen odes, the versions discussed were achieved after considerable authorial revision and successive publications. It is therefore necessary to study these revisions, to show how Akenside used his material and bowed to the convention of his genre as well as that of his age.

2. Authorial Revision

Authorial revision is a common phenomenon in English literature. Chaucer revised the "Prologue" to the "Legend of Good Women", Keats, Milton, Wordsworth, to name but a few, had second, and third, thoughts about their poetry, while in our own century Yeats, Auden and Eliot are notable examples of poets who, for one reason or another, felt impelled to rework old poems. Akenside too illustrates this phenomenon. Of his sixteen odes published in multiple editions, one occurs in four variant forms,¹ nine in three versions,² four in two,³ of the remaining two, one has been discussed elsewhere,⁴ and the other is in essence, two poems rather than revision.⁵ This section on revisions deals only with substantive or verbal variants since accidentals (i.e. spelling and punctuation variants) have been ignored in the collation of the texts. It is not my intention to refer to each and every

¹ i. II.

² i. I; i. III; i. V; i. VI; i. VIII; i. X; i. XI; i. XIII; ii. II. The second versions printed in the 2nd edition of Odes on Several Subjects (1760) is intermediary between the 1st edition of Odes on Several Subjects (1745) and the final version of Dyson's edition of the Works (1772a), copy-text for this edition. Generally most revision occurs between 1745 and 1760. For complete list of sigla used in this edition see p. lix.

³ i. XVIII; ii. VII; ii. X; ii. XI.

⁴ i. IX, "To Curio" is the ode cut from "An Epistle to Curio". Significant changes are discussed on pp. xx-xxi and p. lvi.

⁵ i. XII, "To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet". The two versions of this poem as discussed on p. xxvi are in essence two poems on somewhat similar themes.

variant, nor to deal exhaustively with the variant forms of the fourteen odes discussed -- either approach would be tedious and not particularly rewarding. I rather propose to suggest categories of revision,⁶ citing examples, and discussing relevant points.

1. Correction of errors. I have found only two instances of correction of compositorial errors in the odes. In i. VI. 17-18, 1772a reads:

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:

1745 agrees with this reading while 1760 reads Since. Again in i. XI. 46, 1772a and 1745 agree in "While yet to think is in thy power". 1760 reads drink.

2. Anglicising revisions. There is little doubt of Akenside's patriotism in the odes which touch upon the subject. Whether it increased with age is difficult to judge but there are instances in which revised poems show a stronger concern with things English.⁷ A simple case is i. VIII. 1, 10, 19-20, where farewell replaces the French adieu of 1745 in both 1760 and 1772a. In another example, i. VI. 150, "Pursues the light of Grecian laws" (1745, 1760) becomes "Traceth the source of Albion's laws" (1772a).

3. Generalising revisions. Some of Akenside's early attempts

⁶ E.A.J. Honigsmann in his The Stability of Shakespeare's Text, (London: Edward Arnold, 1965), pp. 64-77, discusses ten categories of authorial revision. I am indebted to this treatise for suggesting several types of revision in Akenside.

⁷ This occurs in "To Curio", i. IX, as previously mentioned on pp. xx-xxi.

are more minute and particular than Neo-classic conventions allowed and in revision his writing was more general and less pointed. Two instances of this revision concern his criticism of other poets. In 1745 he wrote "But flies from ruins and from graves", i. I. 34, a fairly specific reference to Blair's "The Grave". Graves becomes tombs in 1760 and 1772a. In i. VI. 93-94, 1745 reads:

Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly shades of Y-----;

Line 94 is altered to Repeat what later bards have sung (1760, 1772a).

4. Revision to achieve decorum. In the eighteenth century, the average poet was unaware of his common humanity with the poor⁸ and Akenside revised to remove a slip of this nature in i. II. 25-30. This section was absent in the earliest version of the ode (1779)⁹ and in the second version (1745) reads as follows:

While mute and shrinking with her fears,
Each blast the cottage-matron hears
As o'er the hearth she sits alone:
At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
The night is dark and deep the road;
She sighs and wishes him at home.

This form shows the terror of the wife at the effects of nature and also provides good contrast with the "city's busy throngs" who sit and drink by roaring fires to dispel the winter's gloom. The revised version in 1760 and 1772a is a less sympathetic response to the country folk and

⁸ Sutherland, p. 97.

⁹ This first version of the ode lacks four stanzas found in the three later forms. These are III; VIII; IX; X, the stanzas which in general place human activities of friendship, joy, and love in the ode. The later versions show a reliance on Horace's i. IX which the first does not, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that Akenside wrote the first version, then in accordance with the Horatian model, rewrote and added the pertinent stanzas.

their plight, as well as being a milder less effective form:

Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is sunk and deep the road;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

5. Changes in classical allusions. Akenside was not always content with his classical references and not infrequently altered them. For example, Dione (1745, 1760) becomes Olympia (1772a) in all the odes which refer to her.¹⁰ I take this to be a change of reference from a specific character to a more general symbol of ancient Greece. Possibly it conforms to the general-over-particular bias of the age, or perhaps it seeks to prevent biographical reading of his poetry. The change from Lucinda (1745) to Eudora (1760, 1772a) in i. II. 84, may be another instance of the latter.

In i. VI. 147, Dyson is referred to as Agis (1745, 1760). According to The Oxford Classical Dictionary which lists Agis II, III, and IV, neither of the three is a flattering character to which a poet might liken his friend and patron.¹¹ In revising for 1772a, Akenside changes the name to that of the Syracusan mime writer, Sophron.

Occasionally revision eliminates classical allusion:

O fair, O chaste, be still with me
From such profaner discord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
No Satyrs fierce with savage flames

¹⁰ i. X. 11; i. XI. 66; i. XIII. 107.

¹¹ Agis II, non constructive as a statesman; Agis III, died bravely while leading a Greek revolt against Alexander; Agis IV, a high-minded but unrealistic leader.

Thy pleasing accents shall invade.

i. XIII. 65-70, 1745

becomes:

O fair, o chaste, be still with me
From such opprobrious discord free;
While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
No frantic shout from Thracian dame,
No Satyr's dire incestuous flame
Shall e'er the sacred haunt invade.

1760

and finally reads:

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade:
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And heaven's unerring throne approve.

1772a

Conversely, classical allusions may be added as in:

Adieu the grave, pacific air,
Safe from the flitting mountain-breeze;
The marshy levels, lank and bare,
Sacred from furrows, hills or trees:
Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,
Untaught to murmur or to flow:

i. VIII. 10-15, 1745

which appear in 1760 and 1772a as:

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zepher blew:
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;

6. Revision to expand a reference. This is extremely rare but occurs in i. I. 4. Horace (1745) becomes O master of the Latin lyre, (1760, 1772a).

7. Change of opinion. Two examples of this sort have previously been cited by Akenside's biographers.¹² Akenside, in his

¹² Bucke, pp. 140-41, for example.

youth, was a staunch republican and although he remained so, his fervor may have faded, as witnessed in i. VIII. 16-28. 1745 reads:

I go where freedom in the streets is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

In 1760 and 1772a these lines become:

I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

A similar change is seen in i. XVIII. 131-34. 1748a and 1748b read:

But here, where Freedom's equal Throne
To all her valiant Sons is known;
Where All direct the Sword she wears,
And Each, the Power that rules him, shares;

In this instance, line 133 is modified in 1772a to Where all are conscious of her cares.

Akenside also appears to have changed his opinion about women.

This is shown in i. XI. 15-21. 1745 reads:

True, where the Muses, where the pow'rs
Of softer wisdom, easier wit,
Assist the Graces and the Hours
To render beauty's praise compleat,
The fair may then perhaps impart
Each finer sense, each winning art,
And more than schools adorn the manly heart.

These lines become in 1760 and 1772a:

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
In wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of beauty powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comlier art,
And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

In the first version, women are ennobled by being granted their charms from Muses, Graces, and Hours. In the rewritten passage, such charms are conferred upon them by men and their stories -- a lesser tribute.

One last example of change of opinion must suffice. In
i. VIII. 64-65, 1745 and 1760 read:

To ASHLEY'S wisdom, or to HAMDEN'S arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame,

In 1772a To ASHLEY'S wisdom becomes To Somers' counsels. It may be that Akenside wished to link political figures together, or, alternatively, that he was disenchanted with Shaftesbury at this time. When he rewrote "The Pleasures of Imagination" making it "The Pleasures of the Imagination" (which is unfinished), he omitted the section on ridicule as a test of truth which he had found in Shaftesbury's Characteristics and had used in the earlier version.

8. Indifferent variants. Many of the revisions fall into this category; the sense is not appreciably changed, nor is the expression heightened significantly:

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm
This hospitable scene deform, i. I. 13-14, 1760, 1772a

In 1745, hospitable reads pleasurable.

What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?
i. V. 47-48, 1760, 1772a

Thought reads heart in 1745.

This indifferent revision, at times, goes through three stages.
In i. III. 10-11, 1772a reads:

Like one that holds a nobler chase,
You try the tender loss to bear,

In 1745, try the tender loss reads seem the lady's loss, and in 1760 it reads seem the tender loss.

Other trivial variants occur as well. In (1745) becomes on
in "Who founds on discord beauty's reign", i. VI. 135, 1760, 1772a.

Or/ nor and which/ that are interchanged so frequently, that citing references would be tedious.

9. Substitution of synonyms. This is quite common in Aken-side's revisions, as it is in many poets. "The substitution of single words, especially of synonyms, gives the author his best opportunity of introducing improvements without too much waste of time and effort."¹³ A synonym may be used for alliteration as in "But most exert thy pleasing power" i. VI. 145, 1760, 1772a. Pleasant reads genial in 1745. It can remove assonance and provide alliteration as in i. IX. 47-48:

In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame;
1760; 1772a

In 1745 veils read masks.

A synonym can also be used to remove alliteration as in the only variant in ii. X. 48-9:

Who did with free adventurous love
Such pagaents from his tomb remove.
1772a

Pagaents reads trophies in 1766.

10. Transposition of words. This may be effective as in i. V. 23, where 1772a and 1760 read "Fancy malignant strives to dress" giving, with the Miltonic word order, slower reading, hence greater stress, than the way in which the words first appear-- "Malignant fancy longs to dress" (1745).

On the other hand, transposition may make no difference as in:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,

¹³ Honigmann, p. 64.

With songs from thee their walks resound;

i. VI. 69-70, 1772a

By thee their board with flow'rs is crown'd,

By thee with songs their walks resound,

1745

With flow'ers their board by thee is crown'd,

From thee with songs their walks resound;

1760

11. Substitution of similar looking words is fairly common.

Or if the nymph her audience deign,

Debase the story of his pain

i. VI. 77-78, 1772a

1745 reads Shames the soft story; this is tightened into Disgrace the story (1760) which looks similar to the final version Debase the story.

Another example of this is in i. II. 9-10. The earliest version of this ode reads:

The afflicted Indian hides his head,

Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

1772

This becomes in 1745:

The panting Indian hides his head,

And oft the approach of eve explores.

In the later forms, explores appears as implores (1760, 1772a).

Cognates are very common learn'd/learnt i. III. 6; confess'd/confest i. X. 23; ye/you i. XIII. 28-29; sank/sunk i. XVIII. 160.

Singular/plural variations occur as in garments drop i. V. 5, 1745 which is altered to garment drops (1760, 1772a); again the hostile forms i. VI. 137, 1745 becomes each hostile form (1760, 1772a).

12. Revisions which are worse than the original are not common but occasionally do occur. In 1772a "He asks a clue for nature's ways", i. VI. 119, is an improvement on the first attempt "He pants to traverse nature's ways" (1745) but perhaps less successful than the

intermediate "Fain would he search out nature's ways" (1760). In i. XVIII. 152, the earliest version reads "Whose Lays the Soul to noblest Functions move" (1748a, 1748b) less sibilant than "Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move" (1772a).

13. Like other authors, Akenside at times revised, then went back to the first expression chosen. In 1745 he wrote "The bitter hemlock's baneful juice" (i. I. 41). This became (1760) "The bitter hemlock's deadly juice" and finally appeared as "The insipid night-shade's baneful juice" (1772a). Again both first and last versions of i. V. 20, 1745 and 1772a read "But each ingenuous deed of love" while the intermediate form (1760) reads spontaneous for ingenuous.

14. Effective readings replace inept ones not infrequently in the revisions. Such improvements occur for a variety of reasons, and perhaps one example of each will suffice.

A stronger expression is gained by use of personification in "But leaves with scorn to envy's use" i. I. 40, 1772a and 1760 in which envy replaces the less striking others' (1745). Calling The Sun of the earliest version of i. II. 2, 1779 THE radiant ruler of the year i. II. 1, 1745, 1760, and 1772a gives an example of eighteenth century circumlocution.

Some revisions correct such as when speaking of "the Muse" he writes (1760 and 1772a) "I hail'd the fair immortal guest" i. X. 24. Fair immortal replaces bright, ethereal in 1745, a description more suitable to Miltonic angels than a classical muse.

A revision may tighten structure with a word as in replacing but urge (1779 and 1745) with promote (1760 and 1772a) in "Could mortal

vows promote thy speed", i. II. 42. Again, structure may be tightened by a change in grammar as in i. III. 1-3, 1745:

INDEED, my PHADRIA, if to find
That gold a female's vow can gain,
If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,

which becomes in 1760 and 1772a:

INDEED, my Phadria, if to find
That wealth can female wishes gain
Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,

Revisions sometimes make images more concrete as in the replacing of shades (1745) with groves (1772a and 1760) in:

Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
i. X. 7-8

A static effect can be replaced by a more natural scene. This is seen in the revision from:

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
Where yonder limes behold their shade
Along the glassy stream,
i. I. 1-3., 1745

to the later version of 1760 and 1772a:

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,

Dramatic immediacy is gained by changing description to questions as in i. III. 12-14. 1745 and 1766 read:

Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,
And thinks my censure mighty wrong
To count it such a slight affair.

1772a reads:

Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my censure strangely wrong
To count it such a slight affair?

Occasionally revisions gain strength by repetition. In i. X. 22,

1745 reads "The Muse, th' inspiring Muse returns". This becomes (1760) "And now the' inspiring Muse returns". The final revision reads "The Muse, the Muse herself returns" (1772a).

Some revisions seek sonority and replace annoying alliteration. In i. XI. 26-28, 1745 reads:

Go, while the pleasing, peaceful scene
Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
Sweet as her smiles, and as her brow serene.

In revision it becomes:

Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.
1760, 1772a

This then is a sampling of the revisions of Akenside's odes. Some of them arise from his struggle with the form of the classical ode and with the achieving of an appropriate diction. Many of them are of a kind familiar in the work of other poets who habitually revise their work. All of them provide, in varying degrees, evidence for the student of literature which an editor should make it his business to recover and present.

Northampton, May 21. 1768.

Dear Sir,

When I look on the date of your letter, I am very glad that I have any excuse, however inexcusable, for not answering it long ere this. About a month ago, when I was thinking of every post to write to you, I saw that we were going home with a very great harvest of my life, & confined a good while afterwards, & some time writing or reading. But I don't know, for these ten days, I have been perfectly well.

You are very good, & asked about the review. If they give you any pleasure, I shall conclude my principles in publishing them to be fairly answered. And that you too, your

of seeing them in print, as an instance of real friendship, gives me great satisfaction. As for public influence, if they have any, I hope it will be good one. But my expectations of that kind are not near so sanguine as they once were. Indeed human nature in its genuine habit & constitution is adapted to very powerful impressions from this sort of entertainment: but in the present state of manners & opinions, it is almost solely on the rest of a solution of nature, that this effect can be looked for; for hardly any besides these have been able to preserve the genuine habit of the mind in any tolerable degree.

I am, Dear Sir, your most obed.^t &
most humble serv.^t
J. M. Wilke Jun.
in St. John's Street London.

TEXTUAL INTRODUCTION

Editorial theory in recent years has become increasingly aware of and concerned with the phenomenon of authorial revision and the consequent existence of multiple authoritative versions of a given work.¹ It has usually been the practice in such cases to choose as the most authoritative text the version containing the author's final revisions. Yet earlier versions may also have interest and importance and should not be ignored in the preparation of a critical edition; to omit earlier versions deprives the reader of much information, valuable to the student of literature, concerning the manner in which the author composed and how he achieved his final form.

This edition presents a critical text of thirty-four complete odes and one fragment by Mark Akenside, M.D. -- all that exist of the two books, each to contain twenty odes, which he had planned. The basis of the text for thirty-two odes and the fragment is Jeremiah Dyson's quarto edition of The Poems of Mark Akenside, M.D. (1772),²

¹ See, for example, Fredson Bowers, Textual and Literary Criticism, (Cambridge: University Press, 1966); Fredson Bowers, "Established Texts and Definitive Editions", Philological Quarterly, 41 (1962), 1-17; Fredson Bowers, "Textual Criticism", Aims and Methods of Scholarship, ed. James Thorpe, (New York: Modern Language Assoc., 1968) [reprint]; James Thorpe, "The Aesthetics of Textual Criticism", PMLA, 80, No. 5 (1965), 1-18.

² According to John Francis Norton, A Critical Edition of "The Pleasures of Imagination" by Mark Akenside, Diss. Univ. of Pennsylvania 1967, p. 108., the quarto was edited by Dyson and printed by William Bowyer. A copy of this edition was then used as copy-text for the octavo edition of the same year. For sigla used in this edition, see p. lix.

published two years after the poet's death. Of this collection, seventeen odes, including the fragment, had not been previously published; the remaining sixteen had been printed before, both singly and in collection, but in varying forms. Dyson's text presents the final revised versions that were prepared by Akenside for publication;³ Dyson's ordering of the odes and his division into Books I and II is followed. Of the two remaining odes, here printed in "Odes, Attributed to Akenside", the first has as copy-text The Gentleman's Magazine, 9 (March, 1739), 153⁴ and the second, John Garnett's edition of The Works of Mark Akenside, M.D. (New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1808), II, 135.⁵

³ Haupt, p. 65, says that Akenside made Dyson his "universal legatee and executor" in his will dated December 6, 1767, and proved on July 9, 1770.

⁴ This ode is attributed to Akenside by Haupt, p. 22. Another ode, untitled, and beginning "Hail, Melancholy! gloomy power", in The Gentleman's Magazine 9 (November, 1739), 599, is suggested by Alexander Dyce in his The Poetical Works of Mark Akenside in the Aldine Edition of the British Poets (London: William Pickering, 1835), p. xii. to be by Akenside. I have rejected it because it is of the 'graveyard school', a genre which Akenside detested. See p. xiii.

⁵ This ode, in a fair copy of Akenside's hand, is extant in the Huntington Library. In the manuscript it is entitled "An Ode, July, 1740" but Garnett gives it the title "To Cordelia". According to Haupt, p. 42 n., a hand not Akenside's and possibly Garnett's has written "From Mr. Israel Wilkes; never printed." In Garnett's edition as well, the text of a stanza of "Against Suspicion", Book I. Ode V, is printed. A footnote says that the stanza was found in a copy presented by Akenside.

The only other ode extant in manuscript is a version of "To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet" Book I. Ode XII. This ode was printed by Ralph M. Williams in "Two Unpublished Odes by Mark Akenside", Modern Language Notes, 57 (Dec., 1942), 629-631. According to Williams, the ode is in a fair copy of Akenside's hand and written in Dyson's own copy of his friend's works. The volume was formerly in the libraries of Charles J. Groves of Boston and Charles L. Dana; it was sold on Nov. 6, 1940 by the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 East 57th St., New York, and listed in their catalogue 225, p. 2.

The sixteen odes printed in their revised forms in 1772 and previously published show variation both in the extent of revision, which ranges from slight to complete rewriting, and in the number of variant states involved-- from two to four. The apparatus of this text has been designed to show all authorial revision involved. In the collations absence of punctuation is indicated by a caret (^) and a swung dash (~) shows a word or phrase repeated from the lemma. I have not burdened the apparatus with readings from later derivative editions, for in general these differ little from the copy-text. Where they do differ, they exhibit deterioration of the text as, for example, a Glasgow edition of 1783⁶ which in following Odes on Several Subjects (1745) prints "anxious" for "noxious" Ode I. 39 and "motive" for "votive" Ode V. 87 (in the present edition, i. I. 39 and i. VI. 87 (app.))

Accidental features, spelling, punctuation, italics and capitalization are of interest, though confusing, in dealing with the editions prior to 1772. Since I have ignored accidentals in the collations and followed closely the practice of copy-texts some brief discussion of these features may prove helpful.

Ten of the odes appear in Odes on Several Subjects (1745). These are in the order of that edition but with the numbers of the present work: Book i. Ode I "Allusion to HORACE" retitled "Preface"; Book i. Ode II "ON the WINTER-SOLSTICE, M.D.CC.XL."; ⁷ Book i. Ode V

⁶ "Odes on Several Subjects. By Dr. Akinside", Select Poems (Glasgow: Andrew Foulis, 1783)

⁷ The Works of the English Poets, edited by Samuel Johnson (London: Rivington, et. al., 1779), LV, 361-63, also prints a version of this poem.

"Against SUSPICION"; Book i. Ode III "TO A GENTLEMAN whose MISTRESS had married an Old Man" retitled "To a Friend, Unsuccessful in Love"; Book i. Ode VI "Hymn to CHEARFULNESS, The Author Sick" retitled "Hymn to Cheerfulness"; Book i. Ode X "On the Absence of the Poetic Inclination" retitled "To the Muse"; Book i. Ode XI "To a FRIEND on the Hazard of falling in LOVE" retitled "On Love, to a Friend"; Book i. Ode VIII "On Leaving HOLLAND"; Book ii. Ode II "TO SLEEP"; Book i. Ode XIII "On LYRIC Poetry".

These same ten odes appear again, much revised, in Odes on Several Subjects (1760). The order is as in the 1745 edition, but five titles are changed as listed above.

1745 shows inconsistent use of capitalization of names (eg. AURORA, Hermes) and at times begins personified nouns with capitals (eg. Pow'r, Genius). Elision is always marked by apostrophe ('). The edition is less punctuated and more heavily footnoted than the copy-text. Stanzas are unnumbered.

1760 ignores capitalization of names and only occasionally initially capitalizes personified nouns. Elision is always marked by 'Jonsonian apostrophus' (eg. pow^r). The text uses 'i' and 'o' for 'I' and 'O'. Punctuation follows that of 1745 but footnotes are less frequent. Stanzas are numbered. Where the two agree in readings against the copy-text, but differ in accidentals, the apparatus records the accidentals of the first edition cited.

Book i. Ode II also appeared in an earlier version, in Johnson's edition (1779). It was entitled "ODE For the WINTER SOLSTICE, Dec. 11, 1740". No authority is given for the text. In accidentals it differs

from copy-text only in initial capitalization of personified nouns.

Book i. Ode IX "To Curio" appeared as "AN EPISTLE TO CURIO" (1744), a poem of 348 lines. The "Epistle" shows initial capitalization of all nouns, elision marked by apostrophe ('), italics used for all proper nouns and for emphasis, and full capitalization for CURIO in the text.

The printing of the "Ode" with the "Epistle" in the apparatus poses difficulties in presentation not encountered in other odes. The "Ode" consists of 160 lines and the "Epistle" 348. 103 lines are common to both forms, having been taken from the earlier version with moderate, little, or no change. In most instances, however, it was possible to print corresponding passages on one page, but in the case of lines 107 to 130 of the "Ode" and lines 260 to 306 of the "Epistle" this proved impossible because of the repositioning of sections. For example, lines 107 to 113 of the "Ode" correspond to lines 264 to 275 of the "Epistle"; lines 115 to 120 of the "Ode" to 301 to 306 of the "Epistle"; and lines 121 to 130 to lines 283 to 289. In this case the verses of the "Ode" appear on page 52 with those of the "Epistle" in the apparatus printed on the following page (53).

Book i. Ode XII occurs in two versions. The version printed in the apparatus is called "Ode to Sir Francis-Henry Drake, Bar^t January, M.DCC. XLIX. O.S.". It was printed first by Williams⁸ and is designated 'W'. It differs little from copy-text in accidentals except in use of the ampersand (&) in all instances.

⁸ Williams, Ralph, pp. 626-29.

Book i. Ode XVIII appeared as "AN ODE To the Right Honourable THE EARL of HUNTINGDON" (1748).⁹ A capital begins every noun, proper nouns are occasionally italicized, at times a whole word is fully capitalized (eg. HASTINGS, THEE), and the ampersand (&) is used in one very long line. Punctuation does not differ in frequency from the copy-text.

Book ii. Ode VII "To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester" and Ode VIII [untitled] appeared first in Dodsley's Collection of Poems by Several Hands (1758) designated 'D'.¹⁰ Accidentals are in general similar to those of copy-text.

Book ii. Ode X appeared as "AN ODE TO THE LATE THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq; Written in the Year M.DCC.LI." (1766). The edition differs from the copy-text in using complete capitalization for proper nouns and in inconsistent full capitalization of certain words (eg. MUSE, Muse).

Book ii. Ode XI "AN ODE TO THE Country Gentlemen of ENGLAND" was published in two editions in 1758 (1758a and 1758b). It differs only from the copy-text in use of italics for emphasis and in being slightly less punctuated.

⁹ Williams, Iolo, p. 92, says that there are several variants of this work. The first "has signature A3 misprinted B2 and no catchword on p. 16." [Thus in the original; p. 16 should read p. 20.] I have called this variant '1748a'. In other copies, he reports that A3 is misprinted A2 and that the catchword on p. 16 has been printed. The copy I have seen, has A3 misprinted A2, but the catchword is still missing. I have designated it '1748b'.

¹⁰ Akenside's works in this collection comprise pp. 1-36, vol. VI. This section is mounted on quarto paper in a larger collection of his works under the title "Hymn to the Naiads"(and other poems) (c. 1765). British Museum Catalogue Number C 108, g. 22. (11) in which it is designated pp. 1-36 of an unidentified book.

The orthography of the several editions exhibits some variation. In spelling as in typography I have followed the copy-texts with no attempt to standardise such forms as "honour" / "honor"; "achievement" / "atchievement"; and "inchant" / "enchant".

All departures from copy-texts are recorded except in certain categories of silent correction. These silent alterations are as follows: use of 'i' and 'o' has been changed to 'I' and 'O'. Long s (ſ) has been modernized to 's'. The display capital (occurring only in 1744) is not retained and its disappearance has been accompanied by the reduction to lower case of the capital letter which accompanies it. Short (—) and long dashes (—) have been standardized to long (—).

Apostrophe (') to mark elision is only used to denote elision of 'e' in 'ed' endings in the major copy-text. Possessive pronoun 'its' is printed both as 'its' and 'it's' as in the copy-text. Aken-side's notes have been retained and are indicated by asterick (*), sword (†), double plus (‡), and plus signs (+). If brief they are centred below the textual apparatus. My own notes are indicated by superscript numbers, also below the textual notes. In the variant form of the ode "To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet" I am indebted to the notes of Ralph M. Williams.¹¹

¹¹ Williams, Ralph, pp. 626-628.

SIGLA

Single works:

1744 = An Epistle to Curio. 1744.

1748a = An Ode to the Right Honourable the Earl of Huntingdon. State 1.
1748.

1748b = An Ode to the Right Honourable the Earl of Huntingdon. State 2.
1748.

1758a = An Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England. 1st edition. 1758.

1758b = An Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England. 2nd edition. 1758.

1766 = An Ode to the Late Thomas Edwards, Esq., Written in the Year
M,DCC,LII. 1766.

Collections:

1745 = Odes on Several Subjects. 1st edition. 1745.

1760 = Odes on Several Subjects. 2nd edition. 1760.

1772a = Works. Quarto, edited by Jeremiah Dyson. 1772.

1772b = Works. Octavo, edited by Jeremiah Dyson. 1772.

1779 = Works. Edited by Samuel Johnson. The Works of the English Poets.
Vol. LV, 1779.

1808 = Works. Edited by John Garnett. 2 vols., New Brunswick, New
Jersey. 1808.

Selections:

D = Collection of Poems by Several Hands. Edited by Robert Dodsley.
2nd edition. Vol. VI. 1758.

Periodical publications:

1739 = The Gentleman's Magazine, 9 (March, 1739), 153.

W = "Two UNpublished Poems by Mark Akenside", Modern Language Notes,
by Ralph M. Williams, 57 (Dec., 1942), 626-31.

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TO

ODES ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS. 1745.

The following ODES were written at very distant intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expression and versification. The author pretends chiefly to the merit of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the best models. From what the ancients have left of this kind, perhaps the ODE may be allow'd the most amiable 5 species of poetry; but certainly there is none which in modern languages has been generally attempted with so little success. For the perfection of lyric poetry depends, beyond that of any other, on the beauty of words and the gracefulness of numbers; in both which respects the ancients had infinite advantages above us. A consideration which 10 will alleviate the author's disappointment, if he too should be found to have miscarried.

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TO

THE POEMS OF MARK AKENSIDE, M. D. 1772.

This Volume contains a complete Collection of the poems of the late Dr. Akenside, either reprinted from the original Editions, or faithfully published from Copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal Poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state, may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very 5 early part of the Author's life. That it wanted Revision and Correction, he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republishings, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his Corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther Improvements in every new Edition 10 would (he thought) have had the appearance at least of abusing the favor of the Public. He chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any Corrections or Improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the Public complete. And with this view, he went on for several years to review and 15 correct the Poem at his leisure; till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the Poem over anew upon a somewhat different and enlarged Plan. And in the execution of this Design he had 20 made a considerable Progress. What Reason there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the Plan itself, as stated in the General Argument, and of the

Parts which he had executed, and which are here published. For the Person, to whom he intrusted the Disposal of his Papers, would have 25 thought himself wanting, as well to the Service of the Public, as to the Fame of his Friend, if he had not produced as much of the Work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the intire first and second Books, of which a few Copies had been printed for the use only of the Author and certain Friends: also 30 a very considerable part of the third Book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner: and to these is added the Introduction to a subsequent Book, which in the Manuscript is called the Fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the Author intended to comprize the whole in Four Books; but which, 35 as he afterwards determined to distribute the Poem into more Books, might perhaps more properly be called the Last Book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which although it appeared to the Editor too valuable, even in its imperfect State, to be withholden from the Public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too small a part of the 40 original Poem to supply its place, and to supersede the re-publication of it. For which reason both the Poems are inserted in this collection.

Of Odes the Author had designed to make up Two Books, consisting of twenty Odes each, including the several Odes which he had before published at different times. 45

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the sixth Volume of Dodsley's Miscellanies, with a few Corrections and the addition of some Notes.

To the Inscriptions taken from the same Volume three new Inscriptions are added; the last of which is the only instance wherein a liberty has been taken of inserting any thing in this Collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication; among whose papers no Copy of this was found, but it is printed from a Copy which he had many years since given to the Editor. 50

The Author of these Poems was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 9th Day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcastle, and at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his Degree of Doctor in Physic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus to the Degree of Doctor in Physic in the University of Cambridge: elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and one of the Physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital: and upon the Establishment of the Queen's Household, appointed one of the Physicians to Her Majesty. 55 60

He died of a putrid Fever, on the 23d Day of June 1770, and is buried in the Parish Church of St. James, Westminster.

ODES, BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
O'erlook the falling stream,
O master of the Latin lyre,
Awhile with thee will I retire 5
From summer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The industrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," she sings, "the gems are born, 10
"For me their silken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuse."

ODE I. PREFACE. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: PREFACE. 1760,
1772a, 1772b : Allusion to HORACE. and motto 'Ego, apis Matina More, mod-
oque, &c. Lib. iv. Od. ii.' 1745 1-12 1745 reads

[I.]

AMID the garden's fragrance laid,
Where yonder limes behold their shade
Along the glassy stream,
With HORACE and his tuneful ease
I'll rest from crouds, and care's disease, 5
And summer's piercing beam.

[II.]

Behold the busy, wand'ring BEE!
From bloom to bloom, from tree to tree
She sweeps mellifluous dews;
For her the silken gems arise, 10
For her display their shining dyes,
Their balmy breath diffuse.

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude storm

This hospitable scene deform,

Nor check thy gladsome toils; 15

Still may the buds unsullied spring,

Still showers and sunshine court thy wing

To these ambrosial spoils.

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail

Her fellow-labourer thee to hail; 20

And lucky be the strains!

For long ago did nature frame

Your seasons and your arts the same,

Your pleasures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes, 25

On river-banks and flowery greens

My Muse delighted plays;

Nor through the desert of the air,

Though swans or eagles triumph there,

With fond ambition strays. 30

14 hospitable] pleasurable 1745 deform,] ~ 1745, 1760 15 Nor]
 To 1745, 1760 20 thee] thus 1745 26 On] And 1745, 1760
 flowery] fruitful 1745 27-30 1745 reads

Delights my vagrant song;
 Nor strives by soaring high in air,
 Tho' swans and eagles triumph there,
 To draw the giddy throng. 30

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
 Will she her cares employ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From superstition's horrid glooms, 35
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
 Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
 Of any noxious thing;
 But leaves with scorn to envy's use 40
 The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
 The nettle's sordid sting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth; 45
 And, when the generous task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.

31-32 1745 reads

Nor where the raven, where the owl
 By night their hateful orgies howl,

34 tombs] graves, 1745 35 From...glooms] From ghostly cells and
 monkish caves 1745 : From superstition's hateful glooms, 1760 38
 lurking strength] ungrateful stores 1745, 1760 40 envy's] others'
1745 41 insipid nightshade's] bitter hemlock's 1745, 1760 bane-
 ful] deadly 1760 45 blameless] mingled 1745 46 generous] lovely
1745

ODE II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE, M.D.CC.XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year

At length his wintry goal attains;

Soon to reverse the long career,

And northward bend his steady reins.

Now, piercing half Potosi's height,¹ 5

Prone rush the fiery floods of light

Ripening the mountain's silver stores:

While, in some cavern's horrid shade,

The panting Indian hides his head,

And oft the approach of eve implores. 10

1-10 1779 reads

I.

NOW to the utmost southern goal

The Sun has trac'd his annual way,

And backward now prepares to roll,

And bless the North with earlier day.

Prone on Potosi's lofty brow, 5

Floods of sublimer splendor flow,

Ripening the latent seeds of gold,

Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,

The afflicted Indian hides his head,

Nor dares the blaze of noon behold. 10

ODE. II. ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE, M.D.CC.XL. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b,
1779 Title: ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE, &c. 1745, 1760, 1772a, 1772b :
 ODE For the WINTER SOLSTICE, Dec. 11, 1740. 1779 4 steady] golden
1745 5-6 1745 reads

Prone on POTOSI'S haughty brow

His fiery streams incessant flow,

7 mountain's silver] silver's ductile 1745 8 some] the 1745 10
 implores] explores. 1745

¹ The mountain in Bolivia.

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
 How pale the sun! how thick the air!
 Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
 Lo, winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their latest bloom; 15
 No more the breezes waft perfume,
 No more the streams in music roll:
 But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
 And, while great nature mourns around,
 Her griefs infect the human soul. 20

11-20 1779 reads

II.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
 How faint the light! how chill the air!
 Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
 Fierce winter desolates the year.
 The fields resign their cheerful bloom; 15
 No more the breezes breathe perfume;
 No more the warbling waters roll:
 Desarts of snow fatigue the eye;
 Successive tempests bloat the sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul. 20

12 pale the sun] faint the light: 1745 : faint the sun: 1760 13 Mus-
 tering...host] Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost, 1745, 1760
 14 Lo, winter] Fierce winter 1745, 1760 15 resign their latest bloom]
 resign their cheerful bloom; 1745 : have lost their latest bloom; 1760
 17-20 1745 reads

No more the warbling waters roll:
 Desarts of snow fatigue the eye,
 Black storms involve the louring sky,
 And gloomy damps oppress the soul. 20

18 snows fall dark, or rains] unrelenting storms 1760

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire:
 Harmonious dances, festive songs
 Against the spiteful heaven conspire.
 Meantime perhaps with tender fears 25
 Some village-dame the curfew hears,
 While round the hearth her children play:
 At morn their father went abroad;
 The moon is sunk and deep the road;
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay. 30

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's returning force:
 Even now he climbs the northern skies,
 And health and hope attend his course.

21-30 omitted 1779

31-34 1779 reads

III. (IV.)

But let my drooping genius rise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray:
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.

21 Hence the loud city's busy] Now thro' the town promiscuous 1745
 22 splendid] ruddy 1745 24-30 1745 reads

To charm the midnight hours conspire.
 While mute and shrinking with her fears, 25
 Each blast the cottage-matron hears
 As o'er the hearth she sits alone:
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
 The night is dark and deep the road;
 She sighs and wishes him at home. 30

32 returning force] remotest ray; 1745 33 Even now] Now, now 1745
 34 And...course] To-morrow nearer than to-day. 1745

Then louder howl the aerial waste, 35
 Be earth with keener cold imbrac'd,
 Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
 And fancy, mocking winter's might,
 With flowers and dews and streaming light
 Already decks the newborn spring. 40

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede!

35-44 1779 reads

Then, louder howl the stormy waste, 25 (35)
 Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
 And fancy, through the wintry gloom,
 Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
 Already hails the emerging Spring. 30 (40)

IV. (V.)

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon, before the vernal ray,
 Should each unkindly damp recede!

35 aerial] stormy 1745, 1760 36 Be...imbrac'd] Be land and ocean
 worse defac'd, 1745 : Be grove or meadow worse defac'd, 1760 37 Yet
 ...wing] Yet brighter hours are on the wing; 1745 : Yet gentler hours ad-
 vance their wing; 1760 38-40 1745 reads

And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

39 streaming] radiant 1760 42 promote] but urge 1745

How soon each hovering tempest fly, 45
 Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain! 50

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume o'er nature and her laws:
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovran cause;
 Secure that health and beauty springs 55
 Through this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know;

45-57 1779 reads

How soon each tempest hovering fly, 35 (45)
 That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain! 40 (50)

V. (VI.)

But let not man's imperfect views,
 Presume to tax wise Nature's laws:
 'Tis his with silent joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
 Secure that from the whole of things 45 (55)
 Beauty and good consummate springs,
 Beyond what he can reach to know,

46 Whose...sky] That now fermenting loads the sky, 1745 : Which now wide-
 threatening loads the sky, 1760 52 o'er] on 1745, 1760

And that heaven's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempereth every state below. 60

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead!
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful scenes to tread
 Where chiefs or legislators lie, 65
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 In arms and antique pomp array'd;
 While now I taste the Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
 Resounding through the olive shade. 70

58-70 1779 reads

And that the Providence of heaven
 Has some peculiar blessing given
 To each allotted state below. 50 (60)

VI. (VII.)

Ev'n now how sweet the wintry night
 Spent with the old illustrious dead:
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem the awful course to tread;
 Where chiefs and legislators lie, 55 (65)
 Whose triumphs move before my eye,
 With every laurel fresh display'd:
 While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
 Or bend to freedom's fearless tongue,
 Or walk the academic shade. 60 (70)

60 Attempereth] Attempers 1745 64 scenes] courts 1745 65 or]
 and 1745, 1760 67 In...array'd] With every laurel fresh-display'd;
 1745, 1760 68 now] charm'd 1745 69 Now] Or 1745

VIII.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
 Bid leave the studious page awhile,
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
 And social ease on learned toil.
 Then while, at love's uncareful shrine, 75
 Each dictates to the god of wine
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,
 What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
 While absence, heightening every charm,
 Invokes the slow-returning May! 80

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
 When will thy genial star² arise?

71-100 omitted 1779

71 But...friend] But if the gay, well-natur'd friend 1745 : But should
 some more familiar friend 1760 72 Bid] Bids 1745 73-80 1745 reads

Then easier joys the soul unbend
 And teach the brow a softer smile;
 Then while the genial glass is paid 75
 By each to her, that fairest maid,
 Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
 What lucky vows his bosom warm!
 While absence heightens every charm,
 And love invokes returning MAY. 80

75 love's uncareful shrine] Love's unspotted shrine, 1760 78 flatter-
 ing dreams] pleasing dreams 1760 79 absence, heightening] absence
 heightens 1760 80 Invokes...May] Impatient for returning May. 1760
 82 genial star] happy morn 1745

² Vega of the constellation Lyra. It rises in the spring and is the brightest summer star. Sir James Jeans, *The Stars in their Courses*, (C.U.P., 1931), pp. 167-8. I am grateful to Mrs. Dora Russell who directed me to this information.

The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
 Within her sylvan haunt behold, 85
 As in the happy garden old,
 She moves like that primeval fair:
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
 Fond hope and mutual faith, repair. 90

X.

And if believing love can read
 His better omens in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die:
 Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd 95
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
 Pursue the free Horatian song:

83-90 1745 reads

When the dear place which gave her birth
 Restore LUCINDA to my eyes?
 There while she walks the wonted grove, 85
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the ONE primeval fair,
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
 Chast hope and mutual faith repair. 90

89 tender smiles] decent smiles, 1760 90 Fond hope] Kind hope, 1760
 92 His better omens] The wonted softness 1745 : His wonted omens 1760
 95-96 1745 reads

Then offer to thy name attun'd,
 And rising to diviner sound,

97 Pursue] I'll wake 1745

Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And echo, down the bordering vale,
 The liquid melody prolong. 100

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I.

INDEED, my Phœdria, if to find
 That wealth can female wishes gain
 Had e'er disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
 Or cost one serious moment's pain,
 I should have said that all the rules, 5
 You learn'd of moralists and schools,
 Were very useless, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps mistake the case—
 Say, though with this heroic air,
 Like one that holds a nobler chace, 10
 You try the tender loss to bear,

ODE III. TO A FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b
Title: TO A FRIEND, &c. 1760, 1772a, 1772b : TO A GENTLEMAN whose MIS-
TRESS had married an Old Man. 1745 2-3 1745 and 1760 read

That gold a female's vow can gain,
 If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,

6 learn'd] learnt 1745 9 Say,] And, 1745, 1760 11 try the tender
 loss] seem the lady's loss 1745 : seem the tender loss 1760

Does not your heart renounce your tongue?

Seems not my censure strangely wrong

To count it such a slight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky, 15

Oft as you seek the well-known grove,

Methinks I see you cast your eye

Back to the morning scenes of love:

Each pleasing word you heard her say,

Her gentle look, her graceful way, 20

Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?

Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?

Then can you question each desire,

Bid this remain, and that begone? 25

No tear half-starting from your eye?

No kindling blush you know not why?

No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!

See where the hoary churl appears, 30

12 Does...tongue] Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue, 1745, 1760
 13 Seems not] And thinks 1745, 1760 strangely] mighty 1745, 1760
 14 affair?] ~. 1745, 1760 16 Oft as you seek] Slow-wand'ring thro'
1745 19-20 1745 reads

Her tender look, her graceful way,
 The pretty things you heard her say,

21 Again] Afresh 1745 : Once more 1760 28 sigh, nor] sigh, or 1745

Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
 Which you reserv'd for happier years:
 While, side by side, the blushing maid
 Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
 Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

35

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
 This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
 And thus reward the generous flame
 Of all who barter vows for gold.
 O bloom of youth, O tender charms
 Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
 O equal price of beauty sold!

40

VII.

Cease then to gaze with looks of love:
 Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
 Unworthy she your bliss to prove;
 Then wherefore should she prove your care?
 No: lay your myrtle garland down;
 And let awhile the willow's crown
 With luckier omens bind your hair.

45

40 youth, O tender] youth, and opening 1745 : youth, and florid 1760
 42 equal] worthy 1745 43 gaze with looks of love] gaze, unthankful
 boy; 1745, 1760 44 Bid her adieu] Let, let her go, 1745, 1760
 45 your bliss to prove] to give you joy; 1745, 1760 46 prove your]
 give you 1745, 1760 47 No: lay] Lay, lay 1745, 1760 48 And...
 crown] And let the willow's virgin-crown 1745, 1760 49 luckier]
 happier 1745, 1760

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main, 50
 Though driven unwilling on the land;
 To guide your favor'd steps again,
 Behold your better genius stand:
 Where truth revolves her page divine,
 Where virtue leads to honor's shrine, 55
 Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
 And time, the sire of manly care,
 Will fancy's dazzling colors tame
 A soberer dress will beauty wear: 60
 Then shall esteem by knowledge led
 Inthroned within your heart and head
 Some happier love, some truer fair.

54 Where...divine] Where PLATO'S olive courts your eye, 1745, 1760 55
 Where...shrine] Where HANDEN'S laurel blooms on high, 1745 : Where Ham-
 den's laurel shoots on high, 1760 56 Behold...hand] He lifts his hea-
 v'n-directed hand. 1745 57-63 1745 and 1760 read

When these are blended on your brow,
 The willow will be nam'd no more;
 Or if that love-deserted bough
 The pitying, laughing girls deplore, 60
 Yet still shall I most freely swear,
 Your dress has much a better air
 Than all that ever bridegroom wore.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YES: you condemn the perjur'd maid
 Who all your favorite hopes betray'd:
 Nor, though her heart should home return,
 Her tuneful tongue it's falsehood mourn,
 Her winning eyes your faith implore, 5
 Would you her hand receive again,
 Or once dissemble your disdain,
 Or listen to the syren's theme,
 Or stoop to love: since now esteem
 And confidence, and friendship, is no more. 10

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
 When summoning your pride you try
 To meet her looks with cool neglect,
 Or cross her walk with slight respect,
 (For so is falsehood best repaid) 15
 Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
 Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
 What means that darkness on your brow?
 As if with all her broken vow
 You meant the fair apostate to upbraid? 20

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

I.

OH fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;

And, meditating plagues unseen,

The sorceress hither bends:

Behold her torch in gall imbrued:

Behold— her garment drops with blood 5

Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes

I see a pale suffusion rise;

And soon through every vein,

Soon will her secret venom spread, 10

And all your heart and all your head

Imbibe the potent stain.

III.

Then many a demon will she raise

To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;

While gleams of lost delight 15

Raise the dark tempest of the brain,

As lightning shines across the main

Through whirlwinds and through night.

ODE V. AGAINST SUSPICION. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b, 1808 Title:
 AGAINST SUSPICION. 1745, 1760, 1772a, 1772b, 1808 5 garment drops]
 garments drop 1745 13-14 1745 reads

Then come the hours of shame and fear

Then hints of horror seize your ear;

16 Raise the dark tempest] Raise the deep discord 1745 : Increase the tem-
 pest 1760 17 across] along 1745

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
 But each ingenuous deed of love, 20
 Which reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant strives to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times: 25
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
 Which thus you stoop to fear:
 Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear! 30

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the sullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings 35
 To damp the seats of life.

20 ingenuous] spontaneous 1760 21 reason] once you 1745 23 Fan-
 cy malignant strives] Malignant fancy longs 1745 26 Soon will you]
 For soon you'll 1745 27 Which thus you] You thus can 1745 28-29
 1745 reads

When vice begins her ugly train
 With wrongs of such unmanly stain,

35 waves his murky] shakes his gloomy 1745

VII.

But come, forsake the scene unblest'd
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey:
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

40

VIII.

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What power unseen diffuseth far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?

45

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame
 With social love restrains;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Giv'st us to double all our joys
 And half disarm our pains;

50

37 unblest'd] unblest 1745 38 faithful] candid 1745 44 diffuseth]
 diffuses 1745 46 yonder] every 1745 48 thought] heart 1745
 49-54 1745 reads

[IX.]

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose breath awak'd th' immortal flame
 That moves my active veins;
 Thou, who by fair affection's ties
 Hast doubled all my future joys,
 And half disarm'd my pains;

50

X.

Let universal candor still, 55
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind. 60

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!
 How pale the sky with weight of snows!
 Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
 And bid the joyless day retire.

1808 contains an extra stanza inserted between stanzas IX. and X. It reads

If far from DYSON and from me
 Suspicion took, by thy decree,
 Her everlasting flight;
 If firm on virtue's ample base
 Thy parent hand had deign'd to raise
 Our friendship's honour'd height;

58 ways] views 1745 59 One...raise] One mean or cruel doubt infuse
1745

ODE VI. HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title:
 HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS. 1760, 1772a, 1772b : 'Hymn to CHEERFULNESS, The
Author Sick.' 1745

— Alas, in vain I try within 5
 To brighten the dejected scene,
 While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
 Tear the frail texture of my veins;
 While winter's voice, that storms around,
 And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound 10
 Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
 Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease, 15
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen, 20
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign) 25
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,

6 To brighten the] To raise the dull, 1745 18 Shine] Since 1760
 hovering] painful 1745 22 Compose] Attune 1745

It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging through the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy. 30
 He saw the radiant god of day,
 Waft in his car the rosy May;
 The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora pass'd, 35
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow, 40
 While earth inliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
 Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn, 45
 The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by heaven design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind.

32 Waft in his car] Lead round the globe 1745 35 pass'd] past 1745
 39 Delighted...below] All gay with smiles, to see below 1745 42 And
 ...rejoice] And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice; 1745 48 To
 ...mind] To rule the pulse, that moves the mind, 1745

Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings 50
 To disarrange the power within,
 And strain the musical machine;
 Thou, Goddess, thy attempering hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong; 55
 And, joining nature's general song,
 Through many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of homebred strife, 60
 Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining mother weeps the cares 65

49-56 1745 reads

Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever chance or nature brings 50
 To strain the tuneful poize within,
 And disarrange the sweet machine,
 Thou, Goddess, with a master-hand
 Dost each attemper'd key command,
 Refine the soft and swell the strong, 55
 Till all is concord, all is song.

51 power] powers 1760
 Deforms] Deform 1745

57-58 omitted 1745
 64 Which] That 1745

60 Kind] Best 1745

62

Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
 The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother adds the name of friend:
 By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
 With songs from thee their walks resound; 70
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
 Labors with love's unpitied smart?
 Though now he stray by rills and bowers, 75
 And weeping waste the lonely hours,
 Or if the nymph her audience deign,
 Debase the story of his pain
 With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
 And accents faltering into sighs; 80
 Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
 Can'st yield him happier arts to please,

66 Which] That 1745 thankless] hopeless 1745 68 adds the name of]
 rises to the 1745, 1760 69 By...crown'd] By thee their board with flo-
 w'rs is crown'd, 1745 : With flowers their board by thee is crown'd, 1760
 70 With...resound] By thee with songs their walks resound, 1745 : From
 thee with songs their walks resound; 1760 71-72 1745 reads

By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
 And evening-hours in peace decline.

73 Is...heart] Behold the youth, whose trembling heart 1745 : Is there a
 youth, whose trembling heart 1760 74 Labors] Beats high 1745, 1760
 smart?] ~ ; 1745 75 stray] strays 1745 76 waste] wears 1745
 78 Debase the story] Shames the soft story 1745 : Disgrace the story 1760

Inform his mien with manlier charms,
 Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
 With more commanding passion move, 85
 And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
 For thee I court the Muse again:
 The Muse for thee may well exert
 Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art, 90
 Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
 Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
 Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might, 95
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
 Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:

83 Inform his mien with] Exalt his mien to 1745, 1760
reads

89-98 1745

And may the votive lay disclose
 How much to thy fair aid she owes!
 See, when thy touch reveals her mine,
 How pure the stores of fancy shine! 90 (92)
 Hark, when thy breath her song impells,
 How full the tuneful current swells!
 Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Instruct the nightly strains of Y—;
 But thine was HOMER'S ancient might, 95 (97)
 And thine victorious PINDAR'S flight:

Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom; 100
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows the invivifying gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage 105
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell. 110
 Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid
 He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend;
 He hears the neighbouring surges roll, 115

99-104 1745 reads

Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads;
 Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
 Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose, 100 (102)
 And Tibur's vine spontaneous flows
 While HORACE wantons in thy quire;
 The gods and heroes of the lyre.

105 But...sage] See where the pale, the sick'ning sage 1745 113 as-
 cend] arise 1745 114 aloft impend] involve the skies; 1745

* ALCEUS and SAPPHO. † THEOCRITUS. ‡ ANACREON.

And raging thunders shake the pole:
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 He asks a clue for nature's ways;
 But evil haunts him through the maze: 120
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blot the throne of God.
 — O thou, whose pleasing power I sing, 125
 Thy lenient influence hither bring;
 Compose the storm, dispell the gloom,
 Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale: 130
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour
 To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause
 Who founds on discord beauty's reign, 135
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be bless'd.

119 He...ways] He pants to traverse nature's ways: 1745 : Fain would he
 search out nature's ways; 1760 120 But evil haunts] His evils haunt
 1745 121 sees] views 1745 124 blot] blots 1745 135 on] in
 1745 137 each hostile form] the hostile forms 1745 138 bless'd]
 blest 1745

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string, 140
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace intruding care.
 But most exert thy pleasing power 145
 On friendship's consecrated hour;
 And while my Sophron points the road
 To godlike wisdom's calm abode,
 Or warm in freedom's ancient cause
 Traceth the source of Albion's laws, 150
 Add thou o'er all the generous toil
 The light of thy unclouded smile.
 But, if by fortune's stubborn sway
 From him and friendship torn away,
 I court the Muse's healing spell 155
 For griefs that still with absence dwell,
 Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
 To such indulgent placid themes,

144 intruding] corroding 1745 145 pleasing] genial 1745 147 Sop-
 hron points] AGIS leads 1745, 1760 148 godlike wisdom's calm] fear-
 less wisdom's high 1745, 1760 149 ancient] sacred 1745, 1760 150
 -152 1745 and 1760 read

Pursues the light of Grecian laws,
 Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles. 150 (152)

158 indulgent placid] indulgent, tender 1745, 1760

As just the struggling breast may cheer
 And just suspend the starting tear, 160
 Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
 Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themselves did human kind
 Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
 On life's wide scene to play:
 Not Scipio's force, nor Cesar's skill
 Can conquer glory's arduous hill, 5
 If fortune close the way

II.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
 Though last and least in fortune's roll,
 His proper sphere commands;
 And knows what nature's seal bestow'd, 10
 And sees, before the throne of God,
 The rank in which he stands.

161 sacred] charming 1745

ODE VII. ON THE USE OF POETRY. 1772a 1772b Title: ON THE USE OF
 POETRY. 1772a, 1772b

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
 Who rescu'd nations from the rage
 Of partial, factious power, 15
 My heart with distant homage views;
 Content if thou, celestial Muse,
 Did'st rule my natal hour.

IV.

Nor far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat 20
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Though not with public terrors crown'd,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his award.

V.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame, 25
 And Pompey to the Roman name
 Gave universal sway:
 Where are they?— Homer's reverend page
 Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
 And tongues and climes obey. 30

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
 No longer shall from Bourbon's line
 Draw one vindictive vow;
 When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
 And Russel move the patriot's breast 35
 No more than Brutus now;

VII.

Yet then shall Shakespeare's powerful art

O'er every passion, every heart,

Confirm his awful throne:

Tyrants shall bow before his laws; 40

And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,

Their dread assertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I.1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,

The Belgian Muse's sober seat;

Where dealing frugal gifts around

To all the favorites at her feet,

She trains the body's bulky frame 5

For passive, persevering toils;

And lest, from any prouder aim,

The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,

She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

ODE VIII. ON LEAVING HOLLAND. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: ON
 LEAVING HOLLAND. 1745, 1760, 1772a, 1772b 1 FAREWELL] ADIEU 1745
 3 dealing] shedding 1745 4 To] On 1745 5 trains] feeds 1745 7
 from any prouder] for some ambitious 1745

I.2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air, 10
 Where never mountain zepher blew:
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
 The Naiads, with obscene attire,
 Urging in vain their urns to flow; 15
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
 And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I.3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love: 20
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove.

10-22 1745 reads

[I.2.]

Adieu the grave, pacific air, 10
 Safe from the flitting mountain-breeze;
 The marshy levels lank and bare,
 Sacred from furrows, hills or trees:
 Adieu each mantling, fragrant flood,
 Untaught to murmur or to flow: 15
 Adieu the * music of the mud,
 That sooths at eve the patient lover's woe,
 And wakes to sprightlier thoughts the painful poet's blood.

[I.3.]

With looks so frosty, and with steps so tame,
 Ye careful nymphs, ye household things, adieu; 20
 Not once ye taught me love's or friendship's flame,
 And where is he that ever taught it you?

14 with] in 1760

15 in vain their urns] their lazy urns 1760

Ye too, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice, 25
 I go where liberty to all is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II.1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
 Shall I sit down, to part no more? 30
 Far from this pale, discolor'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall I plough thy azure tide?
 When on thy hills the flocks admire,
 Like mountain snows; till down their side 35
 I trace the village and the sacred spire,
 While bowers and copses green the golden slope divide?

23-37 1745 reads

And ye, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion lurks from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice, 25
 I go where freedom in the streets is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 Tells him he reigns, he lives but by her voice.

[II.1.]

O native ALBION, when to thee
 Shall I return to part no more? 30
 Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
 When shall I plough thy azure tides,
 And, as thy fleece-white hills aspire,
 Bless the fair shade that on their sides 35
 Imbow'rs the village and the sacred spire,
 While the green hedge, below, the golden slope divides?

33 tide] tides? 1760 35 side] sides 1760 37 While...divide]
 Broad oaks and furrow'd fields which the green copse divides? 1760

II.2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
 Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
 With whom I wont at morn to rove, 40
 With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
 O! take me to your haunts again,
 The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
 To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
 To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade, 45
 And sooth my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

II.3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
 Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
 Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
 Now fairer maids thy melody demand. 50
 Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
 O Phoebus, guardian of the Ionian choir,
 Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
 When all the virgin deities above
 With Venus and with Juno move 55
 In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

38 who] that 1745 44 omitted 1745
1745 51-52 1745 reads

48 inauspicious] unpropitious

Daughters of ALBION, guard your votive lyre!
 O blooming god of Thespia's laurell'd quire,

52 Ionian] Aonian 1760, 1772a, 1772b
1745

56 the Olympian] thy list'ning

III.1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
 Elate with whose majestic call
 Above degenerate Latium's praise,
 Above the slavish boast of Gaul, 60
 I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
 And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,
 The honors of a poet's name
 To Somers' counsels, or to Hamden's arms,
 Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame, 65

III.2.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee
 Heroic valour still attends,
 And useful science pleas'd to see
 How art her studious toil extends.
 While truth, diffusing from on high 70
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye;
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
 Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III.3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares: 75
 Hence dread religion dwells with social joy;

59 degenerate Latium's] the soft Italian's 1745, 1760 60 boast]
 wreaths 1745 62 ignoble] luxurious 1745 64 Somers' counsels]
 * ASHLEY'S wisdom, 1745, 1760 74 faith] Sloth 1745 75 the
 whole] all the 1745 76 dwells] smiles 1745

* The Earl of SHAFTESBURY.

And holy passions and unsullied cares,
 In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
 O fair Britannia, hail!— With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve, 80
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
 But when for generous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO. MDCCXLIV.

 77-78 1745 reads

Hence the free bosom's softest, loveliest cares,
 Each graceful scene of private life employ.

81 each] a 1745 82 for] from 1745 84 shall all reproof disclaim]
 defies the test of blame. 1745

ODE IX. TO CURIO. MDCCXLIV. 1772a 1744, 1772b Title: TO CURIO. &c.
 1772a, 1772b : 'AN EPISTLE TO CURIO,' and motto 'Neque tam ulciscendi causa
dixi, quam ut & in præsens sceleratos cives timore ab impugnanda patria
detinerem; & in posterum, documentum statuerem, nequis talem amentiam
vellet imitari, TULL.' and ARGUMENT. 'CAIUS SCRIBONIUS CURIO was a Roman 5
 Senator of great Spirit, Eloquence and Popularity. By Extract a P^retorian;
 but ennobled by the Offices his Family had sustain'd. His Education had
 form'd him to the most active Zeal for the legal Constitution of his Coun-
 try, which he afterwards publicly exerted with great Applause under the
 Direction of CICERO, against the Insolence and Usurpations of the first 10
 Triumvirate. This Character he maintain'd even after the pernicious De-
 signs of JULIUS CÆSAR began to appear. But at last, unhappily for himself
 and his Country, the Difficulties into which his ungovernable Passions
 had plung'd him, gave that artful Man an Opportunity of seducing him to
 betray the Cause of Liberty at its very Crisis. So that he is justly 15
 chard'd by the Roman Historians, as the chief Incendiary of CÆSAR'S Ambit-
 ion, and Author of all the public Ruin that ensued.' 1744

I.

THIRICE hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
 Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell:
 Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
 Proud that my memory with thine should dwell,
 How hast thou stain'd the splendor of my choice! 5
 Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
 Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
 What can I now of thee to time report,
 Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
 Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own? 10

1744 reads

Thrice has the Spring beheld thy faded Fame, (1)
 And the fourth Winter rises on thy Shame,
 Since I exulting grasp'd the votive Shell, (2)
 In Sounds of Triumph all thy Praise to tell;
 Blest could my Skill thro' Ages make thee shine, 5
 And proud to mix my Memory with thine. (4)
 But now the Cause that wak'd my Song before,
 With Praise, with Triumph crowns the Toil no more.
 If to the glorious Man, whose faithful Cares,
 Nor quell'd by Malice, nor relax'd by Years, 10
 Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious Hate,
 And dragg'd at length Corruption to her Fate;
 If every Tongue its large Applauses ow'd,
 And well-earn'd Laurels every Muse bestow'd,
 If public Justice urg'd the high Reward, 15
 And Freedom smil'd on the devoted Bard;
 Say then, to him whose Levity or Lust
 Laid all a People's gen'rous Hopes in Dust;
 Who taught Ambition firmer Heights of Pow'r,
 And sav'd Corruption at her hopeless Hour; 20
 Does not each Tongue its Execrations owe?
 Shall not each Muse a Wreath of Shame bestow?
 And public Justice sanctify th' Award?
 And Freedom's Hand protect th' impartial Bard?
 Yet long reluctant I forbore thy Name, 25
 Long watch'd thy Virtue like a dying Flame,
 Hung o'er each glimm'ring Spark with anxious Eyes,
 And wish'd and hop'd the Light again would rise.

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckless heart
 Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
 Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
 The public vengeance on thy private foe.
 But, spite of every gloss of envious minds, 15
 The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's lustre blinds,
 Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
 I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
 I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
 And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice. 20

1744 reads

But since thy Guilt still more intire appears,
 Since no Art hides, no Supposition clears; 30
 Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her Blast,
 And the first Rage of Party-hate is past;
 Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
 To weigh thy Merits and pronounce thy Doom:
 So may my Trust from all Reproach be free, 35
 And Earth and Time confirm the fair Decree.

There are who say they view'd without Amaze
 The sad Reverse of all thy former Praise;
 That thro' the Pageants of a Patriot's Name,
 They pierc'd the Foulness of thy secret Aim; 40
 Or deem'd thy Arm exalted but to throw (13)
 The public Thunder on a private Foe. (14)

But I, whose Soul consented to thy Cause,
 Who felt thy Genius stamp its own Applause,
 Who saw the Spirits of each glorious Age 45
 Move in thy Bosom and direct thy Rage;

I scorn'd th' ungen'rous Gloss of slavish Minds, (15)
 The Owl-ey'd Race, whom Virtue's Lustre blinds. (16)
 Spite of the Learned in the Ways of Vice,
 And all who prove that each Man has his Price, (17) 50
 I still believ'd thy End was just and free; (18)
 And yet, ev'n yet believe it— spite of thee. (19)

Ev'n tho' thy Mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
 Urg'd by the wretched Impotence of Shame,
 Whatever filial Cares thy Zeal had paid 55
 To Laws infirm and Liberty decay'd;
 Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the Show;

III.

"Thou didst not dream of liberty decay'd,
 "Nor wish to make her guardian laws more strong:
 "But the rash many, first by thee misled,
 "Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For faith deserted or for cities sold,
 Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
 One mystery of shame from Curio learn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,

25

And scape in guilt's disguise from virtue's offer'd mead. 30

1744 reads

Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her Foe;
 Has boasted in thy Country's awful Ear,
 Her gross Delusion when she held thee dear; 60
 How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous Call,
 And heard the pompous Tales, and trusted all—
 Rise from your sad Abodes, ye Curst of old (25)
 For Laws subverted and for Cities sold! (26)
 Paint all the noblest Trophies of your Guilt, 65
 The Oaths you perjur'd and the Blood you spilt;
 Yet must you one untempted Vileness own, (27)
 One dreadful Palm reserv'd for him alone;
 With studied Arts his Country's Praise to spurn,
 To beg the Infamy he did not earn, (29) 70
 To challenge Hate when Honour was his Due,
 And plead his Crimes where all his Virtue knew. (30)

Do Robes of State the guarded Heart inclose
 From each fair Feeling human Nature knows?
 Can pompous Titles stun th' enchanted Ear 75
 To all that Reason, all that Sense would hear?
 Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred Post,
 In such unthankful Baseness to be lost?
 Else could'st thou wed the Emptiness of Vice,
 And yield thy Glories at an Idiot's Price? 80

When they who loud for Liberty and Laws,
 In doubtful Times had fought their Country's Cause,
 When now of Conquest and Dominion sure,
 They sought alone to hold their Fruits secure;
 When taught by these, Oppression hid the Face 85

IV.

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
 Whom freedom of hath found her mortal bane,
 Whom public wisdom ever strove to exclude,
 And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
 Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils, 35
 O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,
 And call'd herself the state's directing soul:
 Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
 With eloquence and reason at his side,
 By strength of holier spells the inchantress to controul. 40

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends:
 The rescu'd merchant oft thy words resounds:
 Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends:
 His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:

1744 reads

To leave Corruption stronger in her Place, (35)
 By silent Spells to work the public Fate, (36)
 And taint the Vitals of the passive State, (37)
 Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
 And Freedom loathe to tread the poison'd Shore; 90
 Then, like some guardian God that flies to save
 The weary Pilgrim from an instant Grave,
 Whom sleeping and secure, the guileful Snake
 Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful Brake;
 Then CURIO rose to ward the public Woe, (38) 95
 To wake the Heedless and incite the Slow,
 Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
 And quell th' Enchantress by a mightier Charm. (40)

Swift o'er the Land the fair Contagion flew,
 And with thy Country's Hopes thy Honours grew. (41) 100
 Thee, Patriot, the Patrician Roof confess'd;
 Thy pow'rful Voice the rescued Merchant bless'd; (42)
 Of thee with Awe the rural Hearth resounds; (43)
 The Bowl to thee the grateful Sailor crowns; (44)

46

The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read 45

Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,

Now with like awe doth living merit scan:

While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat

Bade social ease and public passions meet,

Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man. 50

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:

We saw thy spirit thro' the senate reign;

And freedom's friends thy instant omen heard

Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.

Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose 55

More keen, more ardent from his long repose:

1744 reads

Touch'd in the sighing Shade with manlier Fires, 105

To trace thy Steps the love-sick Youth aspires;

The learn'd Recluse, who oft amaz'd had read (45)

Of Grecian Heroes, Roman Patriots dead, (46)

With new Amazement hears a living Name (47)

Pretend to share in such forgotten Fame; 110

And he who, scorning Courts and Courtly Ways,

Left the tame Track of these dejected Days,

The Life of nobler Ages to renew

In Virtues sacred from a Monarch's View,

Rouz'd by thy Labours from the blest Retreat, (48) 115

Where social Ease and public Passions meet, (49)

Again ascending treads the civil Scene, } (50)

To act and be a Man, as thou had'st been.)

Thus by Degrees thy Cause superior grew,

And the great End appear'd at last in view: (51) 120

We heard the People in thy Hopes rejoice;

We saw the Senate bending to thy Voice; (52)

The Friends of Freedom hail'd th' approaching Reign (53)

Of Laws for which our Fathers bled in vain; (54)

While venal Faction, struck with new Dismay, 125

Shrunk at their Frown, and self-abandon'd lay.

Wak'd in the Shock, the PUBLIC GENIUS rose, (55)

Abash'd and keener from his long Repose; (56)

Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
 Each crouded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
 And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
 Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all. 60

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
 Instruct the mighty moments as they rowl;
 And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
 And steer his passions steady to the goal.
 O Alfred, father of the English name, 65
 O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
 O William, height of public virtue pure,
 Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye
 Behold the sum of all your labors nigh,
 Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure. 70

1744 reads

Sublime in ancient Pride, he rais'd the Spear
 Which Slaves and Tyrants long were wont to fear: 130
 The City felt his Call: From Man to Man, (57)
 From Street to Street the glorious Horror ran;
 Each crouded Haunt was stirr'd beneath his Pow'r, (58)
 And murmuring challeng'd the deciding Hour. (59)
 Lo! the deciding Hour at last appears; 135
 The Hour of every Freeman's Hopes and Fears:
 Thou, Genius! Guardian of the Roman Name, (61)
 O ever prompt tyrannic Rage to tame!
 Instruct the mighty Moments as they roll, (62)
 And guide each Movement steady to the Goal. (64) 140
 Ye Spirits, by whose providential Art
 Succeeding Motives turn the changeful Heart,
 Keep, keep the best in View to CURIO'S Mind, (63)
 And watch his Fancy and his Passions bind!
 Ye Shades immortal, who, by Freedom led, 145
 Or in the Field or on the Scaffold bled,
 Bend from your radiant Seats a joyful Eye, (68)
 And view the Crown of all your Labours nigh. (69)

VIII.

'Twas then— O shame! O soul from faith estrang'd :

O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!

'Twas then— Thy thought what sudden frenzy chang'd?

What rushing palsy took thy strength away?

Is this the man in freedom's cause approv'd?

75

The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?

Whom the dead envy'd and the living bless'd?

This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?

This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?

Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted him, detest? 80

IX.

O lost alike to action and repose!

1744 reads

See Freedom mounting her eternal Throne!

The Sword submitted and the Laws her own:

150

See! public Pow'r chastiz'd beneath her stands,

With Eyes intent and uncorrupted Hands:

See private Life by wisest Arts reclaim'd!

See ardent Youth to noblest Manners fram'd!

See us acquire whate'er was sought by You,

155

If CURIO, only CURIO will be true.

'Twas then— O Shame! O Trust, how ill repaid! (71)

O Latium oft by faithless Sons betray'd!— (72)

'Twas then— What Frenzy on thy Reason stole? (73)

What Spells unsinew'd thy determin'd Soul? (74)

160

— Is this the Man in Freedom's Cause approv'd? (75)

The Man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd? (76)

This patient Slave by Tinsel Chains allur'd? (78)

This wretched Suitor for a Boon abjur'd? (79)

This CURIO hated and despis'd by all? (80)

165

Who fell himself, to work his Country's Fall?

O lost alike to Action and Repose! (81)

Unown'd, unpitied in the worst of Woes!

With all that conscious, undissembled Pride,

With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
 And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,
 To act with burning brow and throbbing heart 85
 A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
 To slight the favor thou canst hope no more,
 Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
 Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
 And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore. 90

X.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
 Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
 By courtly passions try the public cause;
 Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
 O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd, 95

1744 reads

Sold to the Insults of a Foe defy'd! (83) 170
 With all that Habit of familiar Fame, (82)
 Doom'd to exhaust the Dregs of Life in Shame! (84)
 The sole sad Refuge of thy baffled Art,
 To act a Statesman's dull, exploded Part, (86)
 Renounce the Praise no longer in thy Pow'r, (87) 175
 Display thy Virtue tho' without a Dow'r,
 Contemn the giddy Crowd, the vulgar Wind, (88)
 And shut thy Eyes that others may be blind.
 — Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
 When shameless Mouths your Majesty defile, 180
 Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong Crew,
 And cast their own Impieties on you.
 For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred Pow'r
 My Soul was vow'd from Reason's earliest Hour,
 How have I stood exulting to survey 185
 My Country's Virtues opening in thy Ray!
 How, with the Sons of every foreign Shore
 The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more!
 O Race erect! whose native Strength of Soul, (95)
 Which Kings, nor Priests, nor sordid Laws controul, 190

The labors which to virtue stand approv'd,
 Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
 Yet, where injustice works her wilful claim,
 Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
 Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay. 100

1744 reads

Bursts the tame Round of animal Affairs,
 And seeks a nobler Center for its Cares;
 Intent the Laws of Life to comprehend,
 And fix Dominion's Limits by its End.
 Who bold and equal in their Love or Hate, 195
 By conscious Reason judging every State,
 The Man forget not, tho' in Rags he lies,
 And know the Mortal thro' a Crown's Disguise:
 Thence prompt alike with witty Scorn to view
 Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn Brow, 200
 Or all awake at Pity's soft Command,
 Bend the mild Ear and stretch the gracious Hand:
 Thence large of Heart, from Envy far remov'd,
 When public Toils to Virtue stand approv'd, (96)
 Not the young Lover fonder to admire, (97) 205
 Nor more indulgent the delighted Sire;
 Yet high and jealous of their freeborn Name,
 Fierce as the Flight of Jove's destroying Flame, (99)
 Where'er Oppression works her wanton Sway,
 Proud to confront and dreadful to repay. (100) 210
 But if to purchase CURIUS'S sage Applause,
 My Country must with him renounce her Cause,
 Quit with a Slave the Path a Patriot trod,
 Bow the meek Knee and kiss the regal Rod;
 Then still, ye Pow'rs, instruct his Tongue to rail, 215
 Nor let his Zeal, nor let his Subject fail:
 Else e'er he change the Style, bear me away
 To where the [*] Gracchi, where the [†] Bruti stay!

O long rever'd and late resign'd to Shame!
 If this uncourtly Page thy Notice claim 220
 When the loud Cares of Bus'ness are withdrawn,
 Nor well-drest Beggars round thy Footsteps fawn;

[*] Ver. 218.] The two Brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus lost their Lives in attempting to introduce the only Regulation that could give Stability and good Order to the Roman Republic.

[†] L. Jun. Brutus founded the Commonwealth, and died in its Defence.

XI.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
 See the grave queen of pageants, Honor, dwell
 Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
 Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell.
 Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
 Divine persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,

105

1744 reads

In that still, thoughtful, solitary Hour,
 When Truth exerts her unresisted Pow'r,
 Breaks the false Optics ting'd with Fortune's Glare, 225
 Unlocks the Breast and lays the Passions bare;
 Then turn thy Eyes on that important Scene,
 And ask thyself— if all be well within.
 Where is the Heart-felt Worth and Weight of Soul,
 Which Labour cou'd not stop, nor Fear controul? 230
 Where the known Dignity, the Stamp of Awe,
 Which, half-abash'd, the Proud and Venal saw?
 Where the calm Triumphs of an honest Cause?
 Where the delightful Taste of just Applause?
 Where the strong Reason, the commanding Tongue, 235
 On which the Senate fir'd or trembling hung?
 All vanish'd, all are sold— and in their Room, (101)
 Couch'd in thy Bosom's deep, distracted Gloom, (105)
 See the pale Form of barb'rous Grandeur dwell, (102)
 Like some grim Idol in a Sorc'rer's Cell: (104) 240
 To her in Chains thy Dignity was led;
 At her polluted Shrine thy Honour bled;
 With blasted Weeds thy awful Brow she crown'd,
 Thy pow'rful Tongue with poison'd Philters bound,
 That baffled Reason straight indignant flew, (105) 245
 And fair Persuasion from her Seat withdrew: (106)
 For now no longer Truth supports thy Cause;
 No longer Glory prompts thee to Applause;
 No longer Virtue breathing in thy Breast,
 With all her conscious Majesty confest, 250
 Still bright and brighter wakes th' almighty Flame
 To rouse the Feeble and the Wilful tame,
 And where she sees the catching Glimpses roll,
 Spreads the strong Blaze and all involves the Soul;
 But cold Restraints thy conscious Fancy chill, 255
 And formal Passions mock thy struggling Will;
 Or if thy Genius e'er forget his Chain,
 And reach impatient at a nobler Strain,
 Soon the sad Bodings of contemptuous Mirth

While laughter mock'd, or pity stole a sigh:
 Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
 Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
 Can fancy's feeble springs the force of truth supply? 110

XII.

But come: 'tis time: strong destiny impends
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
 With princes fill'd, the solemn fane¹ ascends,
 By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
 There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd, 115
 From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
 For ever through the spacious courts resound:
 There long posterity's united groan
 And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
 Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground. 120

XIII.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
 Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
 He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August.
 And still he asks them of the hidden plan 125
 Whence every treaty, every war began,
 Evolves their secrets and their guilt proclaims:
 And still his hands despoil them on the road
 Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
 And crush their trophies huge, and rase their sculptur'd names.

1744 reads

Shoot thro' thy Breast and stab the generous Birth, 260
 Till blind with Smart, from Truth to Frenzy tost,
 And all the Tenour of thy Reason lost,
 Perhaps thy Anguish drains a real Tear;
 While some with Pity, some with Laughter hear. (107)
 — Can Art, alas! or Genius guide the Head, (108)265
 Where Truth and Freedom from the Heart are fled?
 Can lesser Wheels repeat their native Stroke,
 When the prime Function of the Soul is broke? (109)

 But come, unhappy Man! thy Fates impend; (111)
 Come, quit thy Friends, if yet thou hast a Friend; 270
 Turn from the poor Rewards of Guilt like thine,
 Renounce thy Titles and thy Robes resign;
 For see the Hand of Destiny display'd
 To shut thee from the Joys thou hast betray'd! (112)
 See the dire Fane of INFAMY arise! (113)275
 Dark as the Grave, and spacious as the Skies;
 Where from the first of Time, thy kindred Train,
 The Chiefs and Princes of th' Unjust remain.
 Eternal Barriers guard the pathless Road
 To warn the Wand'rer of the curst Abode; 280
 But prone as Whirlwinds scour the passive Sky,
 The Heights surmounted, down the Steep they fly.
 There black with Frowns, relentless TIME awaits, (121)
 And goads their Footsteps to the guilty Gates; (123)
 And still he asks them of their unknown Aims, (125)285
 Evolves their Secrets and their Guilt proclaims; (127)
 And still his Hands despoil them on the Road (128)
 Of each vain Wreath by lying Bards bestow'd, (129)
 Break their proud Marbles, crush their festal Cars, (130)
 And rend the lawless Trophies of their Wars. 290
 At last the Gates his potent Voice obey;
 Fierce to their dark Abode he drives his Prey,
 Where ever arm'd with adamant Chains,
 The watchful Demon o'er her Vassals reigns,
 O'er mighty Names and Giant-Pow'rs of Lust, 295
 The Great, the Sage, the Happy and August.[*] (124)
 No Gleam of Hope their baleful Mansion cheers,
 No Sound of Honour hails their unblest Ears;
 But dire Reproaches from the Friend betray'd,
 The childless Sire and violated Maid; 300
 But vengeful Laws for guardian Laws effac'd, (115)
 From Towns enslav'd and Continents laid waste; (116)
 But long Posterity's united Groan, (118)
 And the sad Charge of Horrors not their own, (119)
 For ever thro' the trembling Space resound, (117)305
 And sink each impious Forehead to the Ground. (120)

¹ Flag, banner, pennant. OED.

[*] Ver. 296.] Titles which have been generally ascrib'd to the most pernicious of Men.

XIV.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:

Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks:

— Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger bend,

And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:

"He comes, whom fate with surer arts prepar'd 135

"To accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd;

"Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign:

"Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power

"even to it's last irrevocable hour;

"Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them to the chain." 140

XV.

But ye, whom yet wise liberty inspires,

Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,

(That household godhead whom of old your sires

Sought in the woods of Elbe and bore to Thames)

1744 reads

Ye mighty Foes of Liberty and Rest,
 Give Way, do Homage to a mightier Guest: (131)
 Ye daring Spirits of the Roman Race,
 See CURIO'S Toil your proudest Claims efface: 310
 — Aw'd at the Name, [*] fierce Appius rising bends, (133)
 And hardy Cinna from his Throne attends: (134)
 "He comes," they cry, "to whom the Fates assign'd (135)
 "With surer Arts to work what we design'd, (136)
 "From Year to Year the stubborn Herd to sway, (137) 315
 "Mouth all their Wrongs, and all their Rage obey; (138)
 "Till own'd their Guide and trusted with their Pow'r,
 "He mock'd their Hopes in one decisive Hour; (139)
 "Then tir'd and yielding, led them to the Chain, (140)
 "And quench'd the Spirit we provok'd in vain." 320

[*] Ver. 311, 312.] Appius Claudius the Decemvir and L. Cornelius Cinna both attempted to establish a tyrannical Dominion in Rome, and both perish'd by the Treason.

Drive ye this hostile omen far away; 145
 Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
 Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be hers alone:
 Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
 Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
 And win to her defence the altar and the throne. 150

XVI.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
 Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
 Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your blood,
 Which not her lightest discipline indures:

1744 reads

But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal Hands
 Fair Liberty's heroic Empire stands;
 Whose Thunders the rebellious Deep controul,
 And quell the Triumphs of the Traitor's Soul,
 O turn this dreadful Omen far away! (145) 325
 On Freedom's Foes their own Attempts repay; (146)
 Relume her sacred Fire so near suppress,
 And fix her Shrine in every Roman Breast.
 Tho' bold Corruption boast around the Land,
 "Let Virtue, if she can, my Baits withstand!" 330
 Tho' bolder now she urge th' accursed Claim,
 Gay with her Trophies rais'd on CURIO'S Shame;
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious Mirth,
 Who know what Conscience and a Heart are worth.
 — O Friend and Father of the Human Mind, 335
 Whose Art for noblest Ends our Frame design'd:
 If I, tho' fated to the studious Shade
 Which Party-strife nor anxious Pow'r invade,
 If I aspire in public Virtue's Cause,
 To guide the Muses by sublimer Laws, 340
 Do thou her own Authority impart,
 And give my Numbers Entrance to the Heart.
 Perhaps the Verse might rouse her smother'd Flame,
 And snatch the fainting Patriot back to Fame;
 Perhaps by worthy Thoughts of human Kind, 345
 To worthy Deeds exalt the conscious Mind;
 Or dash Corruption in her proud Career,
 And teach her Slaves that Vice was born to fear.

Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause: 155
 Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
 A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
 O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
 Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
 And no sublimer lot will fate reserve for man. 160

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
 Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
 Ah why forsaken thus my breast
 With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
 Where is the dread prophetic heat, 5
 With which my bosom wont to beat?
 Where all the bright mysterious dreams
 Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
 That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

ODE X. TO THE MUSE. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: TO THE MUSE.
 1760, 1772a, 1772b : On the Absence of the Poetic Inclination. 1745
 2 Ah why] Why, why 1745 3 Ah...breast] Why thus forsook my widow'd
 breast, 1745 4 inauspicious] dark infeebling 1745 5 dread] bold
 1745 8 groves] shades 1745

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board, 10
 Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
 Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
 Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
 Or have melodious airs the power
 To give one free, poetic hour? 15
 Or, from amid the Elysian train,
 The soul of Milton shall I gain,
 To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O powerful strain! O sacred soul!
 His numbers every sense controul: 20
 And now again my bosom burns;
 The Muse, the Muse herself returns.
 Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
 I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
 When first she seal'd me for her own, 25
 Made all her blissful treasures known,
 And bade me swear to follow Her alone.

10 Say...board] Say, can the purple charms of wine, 1745 11 Olympia's
 form ador'd] DIONE'S form divine, 1745 : Dione's form ador'd; 1760 12
 Say, can the pomp] Or flatt'ring scenes 1745 14 Or have melodious]
 Have soft, melodious 1745 19-20 1745 reads

O mighty mind! O sacred flame!
 My spirit kindles at his name;

21 And now again my] Again my lab'ring 1745 22 The...returns] The Muse,
 th' inspiring Muse returns: 1745 : And now the inspiring Muse returns. 1760
 23 confess'd] confest 1745 24 fair immortal] bright, ethereal 1745

ODE XI.

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, foolish youth— To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the croud,
 Lean not to love's enchanting snare; 5
 His songs, his words, his looks beware,
 Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn;
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils 10
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn:
 But love unbends the force of thought;
 By love unmanly fears are taught;
 And love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays, 15
 And heard from many a zealous breast,

ODE XI. ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: ON
 LOVE, &c. 1760, 1772a, 1772b : To a FRIEND, on the Hazard of falling in
 LOVE. 1745 1 youth] boy— 1745, 1760 6-7 1745 and 1760 read

His dances, his delights beware,
 Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

12 unbends the force] dissolves the nerve 1745 14 gaudy sloth] sloth-
 ful arts 1745 15-16 1745 reads

[III.]

True, where the Muses, where the pow'rs
 Of softer wisdom, easier wit,

15 thou hast] have i 1760

The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
 In wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
 Of beauty powerful to impart
 Each finer sense, each comlier art, 20
 And sooth and polish man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit secure,
 Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
 Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
 On Delia's vernal walk descend: 25
 Go, while the golden light serene,
 The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
 Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
 Each bosom, each desire commands: 30
 Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
 And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,

17-28 1745 reads

Assist the Graces and the Hours
 To render beauty's praise compleat,
 The fair may then perhaps impart
 Each finer sense, each winning art, 20
 And more than schools adorn the manly heart.

[IV.]

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
 Such bliss be all thy heart intends,
 Go, where the white-wing'd evening-hour
 On DELIA'S vernal walk descends: 25
 Go, while the pleasing, peaceful scene
 Becomes her voice, becomes her mien,
 Sweet as her smiles, and as her brow serene.

Attend. I feel a force divine,
 O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
 That half the color of thy life is mine. 35

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
 Soon would I turn my steps away;
 Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
 Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
 But thou, my friend— I hear thy sighs: 40
 Alas, I read thy downcast eyes;
 And thy tongue falters; and thy color flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair?
 So pensive all this absent hour?
 — O yet, unlucky youth, beware, 45
 While yet to think is in thy power.
 In vain with friendship's flattering name
 Thy passion veils its inward shame;
 Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to love, 50
 And dreading his tyrannic chain,

35 the color of thy life is] thy graces seem already 1745 39-42 1745
reads

Nor once relax my reason's sway.
 But thou, my friend— What sudden sighs? 40
 What means the blush that comes and flies?
 Why stop? why silent? why avert thy eyes?

39 lull my] slacken 1760 46 think] drink 1760 48 veils] masks 1745
 50-51 1745 reads

[VIII.]

Once, I remember, tir'd of Love,
 I spurn'd his hard, tyrannic chain,

I sought a gentle maid to prove
 What peaceful joys in friendship reign:
 Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
 And pitying view the lovesick band, 55
 And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
 To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
 While I exulted to survey
 One generous woman's real mind: 60
 Till friendship soon my languid breast
 Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
 Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distress'd.

X.

Fool that I was— And now, even now
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain, 65
 Unless I shun Olympia's view,

52-56 1745 reads

Yet won the haughty fair to prove
 What sober joys in friendship reign.
 No more I sigh'd, complain'd, or swore;
 The nymph's coy arts appear'd no more, 55
 But each could laugh at what we felt before.

57 Thus...day] Well-pleas'd we pass'd the cheerful day, 1745 : Thus
 frequent pass'd the cheerful day, 1760 58 smiles and sweet] unre-
 serv'd 1745, 1760 59 While i exulted] And I enchanted 1745 61
 Till...breast] But soon I wonder'd what possess'd 1745 : But soon some
 unknown care possess'd 1760 62 Each...possess'd] Each wakeful night
 my anxious breast; 1745, 1760 63 Dash'd...distress'd] No other friend-
 ship e'er had broke my rest: 1745 : Then first did friendship e'er invade
 my rest. 1760 66 Olympia's] PIONE'S 1745, 1760

An hour unsays it all again.
 O friend!— when love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise? 70

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET.

I.
 BEHOLD; the Balance¹ in the sky
 Swift on the wintry scale inclines:
 To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
 And the bare pastures Pan resigns.

W reads

I.
 While by the order of the day,
 Next week, the House & Speaker pray
 That heaven may ne'er, at Britain's hand,
 The royal martyr's life demand;
 While Bentham² labours much in vain 5
 The rights of freedom to maintain
 With good Saint Charles's blessed reign;

ODE XII. TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BARONET. 1772a 1772b, W
 Title: TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, &c. 1772a, 1772b: ODE to Sir Francis=
 Henry Drake, Bar^t January, M.DCC.XLIX. O.S. W

¹ The constellation Libra.

² Perhaps James Bentham (1708-1794) the historian, although his most famous work, his history of Ely, was not begun until 1756, nor completed until after Akenside's death.

³ Sir Francis Henry Drake (1723-1794), 5th Baronet, of Buckland and Nutwell Court, Co. Devon. He was M. P. for Beeralston from 1747-1774, a seat held previously by his father. He was actually descended from a brother of the famous Admiral, not the Admiral himself as Akenside later implies. See The Complete Baronetage, edited by G. E. C. (Exeter, 1900) i. 208.

Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread 5
 With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
 Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
 He whets the rusty coulter now,
 He binds his oxen to the plough,
 And wide his future harvest throws. 10

II.

Now, London's busy confines round,
 By Kensington's imperial towers,
 From Highgate's rough descent profound,
 Essexian heaths, or Kentish bowers,
 Where'er I pass, I see approach 15
 Some rural statesman's eager coach
 Hurried by senatorial cares:
 While rural nymphs (alike, within,
 Aspiring courtly praise to win)
 Debate their dress, reform their airs. 20

III.

Say, what can now the country boast,
 O Drake, thy footsteps to detain,

W reads

2.

Then, Drake, to Hampstead haste away,
 Where Dyson spends with me the day:
 And try if Hardinge cannot find 10
 That fate hath just one more design'd:
 Townshend is digging at his farm;
 Nor would a loud promiscuous swarm
 Or thee, or any of us charm.

3.

I hate the table & the treat 15
 Where friends, beset with strangers, meet;

When peevish winds and gloomy frost
 The sunshine of the temper stain?
 Say, are the priests of Devon grown 25
 Friends to this tolerating throne,
 Champions for George's legal right?
 Have general freedom, equal law,
 Won to the glory of Nassau
 Each bold Wessexian squire and knight? 30

IV.

I doubt it much; and guess at least
 That when the day, which made us free,
 Shall next return, that sacred feast
 Thou better may'st observe with me.

W reads

Where prudent form the tongue restrains
 From uttering what the heart contains;
 While, in your own despite, your eyes
 Tell how importantly you prize 20
 The deep discourse which round you flies.

4.

But say; from orators ador'd,
 From every heir to every board
 From Egmont's pathos, Warren's fights,
 And Nugent's tragi-comic flights, 4 25
 Can'st thou an hour's attention steal
 To talk with me of England's weal,
 And smile at my untutor'd zeal?

⁴ John Perceval, 2nd Earl of Egmont (1711-1770), famous as an orator, and Robert Nugent (1702-1788), later Earl Nugent, famous for his wit and humor, were both leaders in the opposition at this time. Admiral Sir Peter Warren, K. B. (1703-1752), the captor of Louisburg, had failed to secure the governorship of New Jersey from Akenside's hero, Henry Pelham, and so may also have been in the opposition.

With me the sulphurous treason old 35
 A far inferior part shall hold
 In that glad day's triumphal strain;
 And generous William be rever'd,
 Nor one untimely accent heard
 Of James or his ignoble reign. 40

V.

Then, while the Gascon's fragrant wine
 With modest cups our joy supplies,
 We'll truly thank the power divine
 Who bade the chief, the patriot rise;
 Rise from heroic ease (the spoil 45
 Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,
 From Belgium to her saviour son)
 Rise with the same unconquer'd zeal
 For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
 Her laws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown. 50

W reads

5.

Then, if too grave the subject grow,
 (Foreboding aught we fear to know) 30
 To bring more pleasing prospects home,
 Thro' distant ages we can roam;
 When Athens spurn'd the Persian chain;
 When thy fam'd grandsire aw'd the main,
 Or Somers⁵ guided William's reign. 35

⁵ John Somers, Lord Somers (1651-1716), was made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1693, Lord Chancellor in 1697, and held many other important posts under William III and Queen Anne.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our shore,
 Like a forbidden demon, fled;
 And to eternal exile bore
 Pontific rage and vassal dread.
 There sunk the mouldering Gothic reign: 55
 New years came forth, a liberal train,
 Call'd by the people's great decree.
 That day, my friend, let blessings crown:
 — Fill, to the demigod's renown
 From whom thou hast that thou art free. 60

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore should we part
 The public and the private weal?)
 In vows to her who sways thy heart,
 Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
 Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek, 65
 Or the soft ornaments that speak

W reads

6.

Thence may we turn to calmer views,
 The haunts of science & the Muse;
 To groves where Milton walks alone,
 To Bacon's philosophic throne;
 Or where those Attic themes we find, 40
 The moral law, the almighty mind,
 And man for future worlds design'd.

7.

O Drake, inspite of all the zeal
 Which for the public oft we feel,
 When I before the shrine of fame 45
 Present some English patriot's name,
 Or when thy nobler cares demand
 How England's genius safe may stand
 From usury's insatiate hand;

So eloquent in Daphne's smile,
 Whether the piercing lights that fly
 From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
 Haply thy fancy then beguile. 70

VIII.

For so it is. thy stubborn breast,
 Though touch'd by many a slighter wound,
 Hath no full conquest yet confess'd,
 Nor the one fatal charmer found.
 While I, a true and loyal swain, 75
 My fair Olympia's gentle reign
 Through all the varying seasons own.

W reads

8.
 Yet, if blind selfishness can * foil 50
 Both Barnard's hope & Pelham's toil,
 Surely the happiest hours below,
 (Which yet must from the public flow)
 The hours, which most sincerely please, 55
 Belong to private scenes like these,
 To friendship & and to letter'd ease.

* The attempts to defeat the reduction of the interest of the national debt. [Akenside's note.]

⁶ Sir John Barnard (1685-1764), a member of Parliament for almost 40 years, proposed a plan for reducing the interest on the national debt to Walpole in March, 1737, but because of popular feeling against it, it was rejected. Upon becoming Prime Minister, Henry Pelham, however, supported the plan, and it was adopted by Parliament in November, 1749, to be put into effect by the following February 28. A pamphlet, published about the time this poem was written, entitled Considerations on the Proposals for the Reduction of the National Debt was attributed to Barnard. See the Gentleman's Magazine XIX (Dec. 1749), 568; XX (Feb. 1750), 54, 96. For all the men mentioned in this poem, see the DNB.

Her genius still my bosom warms:
 No other maid for me hath charms,
 Or have I eyes for her alone. 80

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.
 ONCE more I join the Thespian choir,
 And taste the inspiring fount again:
 O parent of the Grecian lyre,
 Admit me to thy powerful strain—
 And lo, with ease my step invades 5
 The pathless vale and opening shades,
 Till now I spy her verdant seat;
 And now at large I drink the sound,
 While these her offspring, listening round,
 By turns her melody repeat. 10

I. 2.
 I see Anacreon smile and sing,
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away, 15
 And let me listen to his lay;

ODE XIII. ON LYRIC POETRY. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: ON
 LYRIC POETRY. 1745, 1760, 1772a, 1772b 4 powerful] secret 1745 :
 hallow'd 1760

Let me the wanton pomp injoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd Hours
 Lead round his lyre it's patron powers,
 Kind laughter and convivial joy.

20

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:

Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curs'd of gods and freeborn men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,

25

Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,

Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

[30

17-20 1745 reads

While flow'ry dreams my soul employ;
 While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
 Lead hand in hand the festal pow'rs,
 Lead youth and love, and harmless joy.

20

19 it's patron] the festal 1760 20 Kind., joy] The Graces, and the
 Idalian boy. 1760 24 * Lesbian patriot] † Lesbian patriot 1745
 26 curs'd] curst 1745, 1760 28 ye] you 1745 29 ye] you 1745

* Alcæus.

† ALCÆUS of Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who fled from his native city to escape the oppression of those who had enslav'd it, and wrote against them in his exile those noble invectives which are so much applauded by the ancient Critics.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd? 35
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
 Say, flies he?— Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts?— He soon shall give:
 Slights he thy sorrows?— He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow. 40

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To echo that unbounded strain?
 Majestic in the frown of years, 45
 Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame, 50

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below.— Propitious Muse,

31 melting] mournful 1745 35 distress'd] distrest 1745 38 gifts?] gifts, 1772a, 1772b soon] too 1745 40 And...bow] And bend him to thy haughtiest vow. 1745 51 her] his 1745

While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou for Albion's sons around 55
 (Ne'er had'st thou audience more renown'd)
 Thy charming arts employ,
 As when the winds from shore to shore
 Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy? 60

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
 Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song
 Pollute with impious revels dire.

53 purer] hallow'd 1745 55-56 1745 reads

To polish Albion's warlike ear
 This long-lost melody to hear,

55-56 1760 reads

Wilt thou, attracting Albion's ear
 That long-lost melody to hear,

57 charming] sweetest 1745 60 towns,] ~ 1772a, 1772b isles,]
 ~ 1772a, 1772b 61-64 1745 reads

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
 The loose-rob'd forms of wild desire
 With lawless notes intun'd thy song,
 To shameful steps dissolv'd thy quire.

63-64 1760 reads

With impious sounds profane thy song
 And break in shameful steps thy choir.

O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade 65
 May no foul discord here invade:
 Nor let thy strings one accent move,
 Except what earth's untroubled ear
 'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
 And heaven's unerring throne approve. 70

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
 Thy strings adapt their varied strain 75
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the wind's imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move. 80

65-70 1745 reads

O fair, O chaste, be still with me 65
 From such profaner discord free:
 While I frequent thy tuneful shade,
 No frantic shouts of Thracian dames,
 No Satyrs fierce with savage flames
 Thy pleasing accents shall invade. 70

65-70 1760 reads

O fair, o chaste, be still with me 65
 From such opprobrious discord free:
 While i frequent thy tuneful shade,
 No frantic shout from Thracian dame,
 No Satyr's dire incestuous flame
 Shall e'er the sacred haunt invade. 70

75 adapt] attune 1745

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,

Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:

When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,

With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.

And ever watchful at thy side,

85

Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide

The tenor of thy lay:

To her of old by Jove was given

To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;

'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

90

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,

I quit the maze where science toils,

Do thou refresh my yielding mind

With all thy gay, delusive spoils.

But, O indulgent, come not nigh

95

The busy steps, the jealous eye

Of wealthy care or gainful age;

Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,

And hold as foes to reason's reign

Whome'er thy lovely works ingage.

100

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth

Haply partake my simple board,

91 Oft...resign'd] Oft as from stricter hours resign'd 1745 97 Of...
 age] Of gainful care and wealthy age, 1745 100 works] haunts 1745
 101 When...mirth] With me, when mirth's consenting band 1745 102 Hap-
 ly...board] Around fair friendship's genial board 1745 : Haply surround
 my genial board, 1760

Then let thy blameless hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord.
 Or if invok'd at softer hours, 105
 O! seek with me the happy bowers
 That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung. 110

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land;
 When to throw incense on the vestal flame
 Of liberty my genius gives command,
 Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre 115
 From thee, O Muse, do I require;
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of powers she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd. 120

103 Then...forth] Invite thy heart-awakening hand, 1745 : Then let thy
 virgin hand call forth 1760 104 The...chord] With me salute the
 Teian chord. 1745 107 Olympia's] DIONE'S 1745, 1760 113-114
1745 and 1760 read

Or when to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
 I hear my Genius utter his command,

117 presaging] prophetic 1745 120 submits to be] hath felt her own
1745

ODE XIV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND:
FROM THE COUNTRY.

I.

SAY, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to-day resign'd,
When spring from this her favorite seat
Bade winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind.

5

II.

Oh knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noisy courts ingage;
In vain would lying faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

10

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I sought the open day;
And, sure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

15

IV.

But ah in vain my restless feet
 Trac'd every silent shady seat 20

Which knew their forms of old:
 Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
 Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,

Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurse some infant oak 25
 They turn the slowly-tinkling brook

And catch the pearly showers,
 Or brush the mildew from the woods,
 Or paint with noontide beams the buds,

Or breathe on opening flowers. 30

VI.

Such rites, which they with spring renew,
 The eyes of care can never view;

And care hath long been mine:
 And hence offended with their guest,
 Since grief of love my soul oppress'd, 35
 They hid their toils divine.

VII.

But soon shall thy inlivening tongue
 This heart, by dear affliction wrung,

With noble hope inspire:
 Then will the sylvan powers again 40
 Receive me in their genial train,

And listen to my lyre.

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely shade

A rustic altar shall be paid,

Of turf with laurel fram'd: 45

And thou the inscription wilt approve;

"This for the peace which, lost by love,

"By friendship was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven

With young Endymion stays:

And now to Hesper is it given

Awhile to rule the vacant sky,

Till she shall to her lamp supply 5

A stream of brighter rays.

II.

O Hesper, while the starry throng

With awe thy path surrounds,

Oh listen to my suppliant song,

If haply now the vocal sphere 10

Can suffer thy delighted ear

To stoop to mortal sounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial strain

Thou still invoke to shine:

So may the bride's unmarried train 15

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,

Still that his lucky torch may glow

With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer

To thy indulgent power. 20

Alas, but now I paid my tear

On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:

And lo, from thence, in quest I roam

Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray, 25

Thou purest light above:

Let no false shame seduce to stray

Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm:

But lead where music's healing charm

May sooth afflicted love. 30

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song

In happier seasons vow'd,

These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:

Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,

Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd, 35

Beneath yon cypresses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs

That roofless tower invade,

We came while her inchanting Muse

The radiant moon above us held: 40

Till by a clamorous owl compell'd

She fled the solemn shade.

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone,

Now, Hesper, guide my feet

Down the red marle with moss o'ergrown, 45

Through yon wild thicket next the plain,

Whose hawthorns choke the winding lane

Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green space: on either hand

Inlarg'd it spreads around: 50

See, in the midst she takes her stand,

Where one old oak his awful shade

Extends o'er half the level mead

Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note 55

She now prolongs her lays:

How sweetly down the void they float!

The breeze their magic path attends:

The stars shine out: the forest bends:

The wakeful heifers gaze. 60

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring

To this sequester'd spot,

If then the plaintive Syren sing,

Oh softly tread beneath her bower,

And think of heaven's disposing power, 65

Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal stage,

What mournful scenes arise:

What ruin waits on kingly rage:

How often virtue dwells with woe: 70

How many griefs from knowledge flow:

How swiftly pleasure flies.

XIII.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,

Thus wandering all alone,

Thy tender counsel oft receive, 75

Bear witness to thy pensive airs,

And pity nature's common cares

Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

I.

WITH sordid floods the wintry * Urn
 Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green:
 Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
 No longer a poetic scene.
 No longer there thy raptur'd eye 5
 The beauteous forms of earth or sky
 Surveys as in their Author's mind:
 And London shelters from the year
 Those whom thy social hours to share
 The Attic Muse design'd. 10

II.

From Hampstead's airy summit me
 Her guest the city shall behold,
 What day the people's stern decree
 To unbelieving kings is told,
 When common men (the dread of fame) 15
 Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
 Before the sun, the anointed head.
 Then seek thou too the pious town,
 With no unworthy cares to crown
 That evening's awful shade. 20

ODE XVI. TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D. 1772a 1772b Title: TO CALEB
 HARDINGE, M. D. 1772a, 1772b

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
 The sacred martyr of the day,
 By fast and penitential lore
 To purge our ancient guilt away.
 For this, on humble faith I rest 25
 That still our advocate, the priest,
 From heavenly wrath will save the land;
 Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
 Nor how his potent sounds restrain
 The thunderer's lifted hand. 30

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state:
 That evening, let the Muse give law:
 While I anew the theme relate
 Which my first youth inamor'd saw.
 Then will I oft explore thy thought, 35
 What to reject which Locke hath taught,
 What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
 Till hope ascends to loftiest things,
 Nor envies demagogues or kings
 Their frail and vulgar sway. 40

V.

O vers'd in all the human frame,
 Lead thou where'er my labor lies,
 And English fancy's eager flame
 To Grecian purity chastize:

While hand in hand, at wisdom's shrine, 45
 Beauty with truth I strive to join,
 And grave assent with glad applause;
 To paint the story of the soul,
 And Plato's visions to controul
 By * Verulamian laws. 50

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

MDCCXLVII.

I.

COME then, tell me, sage divine,
 Is it an offence to own
 That our bosoms e'er incline
 Toward immortal glory's throne?
 For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure, 5
 Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
 So can fancy's dream rejoice,
 So conciliate reason's choice,
 As one approving word of her impartial voice.

* Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, author of the Novum Organum.

II.

If to spurn at noble praise 10
 Be the pass-port to thy heaven,
 Follow thou those gloomy ways;
 No such law to me was given,
 Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
 Faring like my friends before me; 15
 Nor an holier place desire
 Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
 And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON. MDCCXLVII.

I. 1

THE wise and great of every clime,
 Through all the spacious walks of Time,
 Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
 For taught of heaven, the sacred Nine 5
 Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
 To mortal sense impart:
 They best the soul with glory fire;
 They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
 And high o'er fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart. 10

ODE XVIII. TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON. MDCCXLVII.
1772a 1748a, 1748b, 1772b Title: TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS
&c. 1772a, 1772b : 'AN ODE To the Right Honourable THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.'
1748a, 1748b

I. 2.

Nor less prevailing is their charm

The vengeful bosom to disarm;

To melt the proud with human woe,

And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

Can wealth a power like this afford?

15

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,

An equal empire claim?

No, Hastings. Thou my words wilt own:

Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;

Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

20

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,

And the blest function of the poet's tongue,

Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to assert

From all that scorned vice or slavish fear hath sung,

Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings

25

Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower;

Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings

By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,

Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.

A different strain,

30

And other themes

From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams

19 the gifts of every Muse hath] to every Muse was early 1748a, 1748b
 20 giver's love] mutual Tie 1748a, 1748b 21 awful art] genuine Praise,
1748a, 1748b 22 blest] fair 1748a, 1748b 23 honour; to assert]
 vindicate and raise 1748a, 1748b 27 servile] baser 1748a, 1748b
 28 flattering] lying 1748a, 1748b

(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear:

Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell

Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;

35

To hear the sweet instructress tell

(While men and heroes throng'd around)

How life its noblest use may find,

How well for freedom be resign'd;

And how, by glory, virtue shall be crown'd.

40

II. 1.

Such was the Chian father's strain

To many a kind domestic train,

Whose pious hearth and genial bowl

Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:

When, every hospitable rite

45

With equal bounty to requite,

He struck his magic strings;

And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,

And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,

And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

50

II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,

Where yet he tunes his charming shell,

Oft near him, with applauding hands,

The genius of his country stands.

To listening gods he makes him known,

55

33 meet the purged]	visit the chaste	<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>	35 sounds]	Words
<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>	39 well] best	<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>	41 Chian father's]	* ~
<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>	49 seiz'd] caught	<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>	52 charming]	sacred
<u>1748a</u> , <u>1748b</u>				

The seeds of Grecian fame:

Who first the race with freedom fir'd;

From whom [*] Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;

From whom [†] Platean palms and Cyprian trophies came. 60

II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age:

When Aristides rul'd, and [‡] Cimon fought;

[*] Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedemonian lawgiver brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works.

[†] At Platea was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece under Pausanias and Aristides.

[‡] Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ.ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
 ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
 ΟΥΑΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΩΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'. ΑΝΑΡΩΝ.
 ΕΡΓΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΩΝ. ΑΝΑ.
 ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΑΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΑΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
 ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΩΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΩΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
 ΑΝΑΡΩΝ. ΠΛΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΤΗ. ΑΤΤΩΝ.
 ΠΑΗΓΕΙΣ. ΑΜΗΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΕΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal:

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
 Divided Europe, and the god of war
 Assail'd imperious cities; never yet,
 At once among the waves and on the shore,
 Hath such a labour been atchiev'd by men
 Who earth inhabit. They, whose arms the Medes
 In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the same,
 Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
 Crouded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
 Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war.

5

10

4 among] amid 1748a, 1748b 5 Hath...men] Hath such a Deed been
 wrought by mortal Men 1748a, 1748b 10 by the might of war] and
 deserts the War. 1748a, 1748b

When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
 Exulting [*] Pindar saw to full perfection brought.

O Pindar, oft shall thou be hail'd of me: 65
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;
 Nor that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
 Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng:
 But that thy song 70
 Was proud to unfold

[*] Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was cotemporary with Aristides and Cimon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece. (Isthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him, as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow citizens had shamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Eparinondas: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dullness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow citizens in both these respects, seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

1 .cotemporary] contemporary 1748a, 1748b

What thy base rulers trembled to behold;
 Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell. 75
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
 The Muse's law did'st rightly know;
 That who would animate his lays,
 And other minds to virtue raise,
 Must feel his own with all her spirit glow. 80

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
 Whose verse adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
 Alas! not one polluted bard, 85
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
 With freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide. [90

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
 Amid the domes of modern hands:
 Amid the toys of idle state,
 How simply, how severely great!

80 spirit] Honours 1748a, 1748b 82 * tyrant's] † Tyrant's 1748a,
1748b 89 that] while, 1748a, 1748b 90 ancient] native 1748a,
1748b

* Octavianus Cesar. † Octavius Cesar.

Then turn, and, while each western clime 95
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
 So mark thou Milton's name;
 And add, "Thus differs from the throng
 "The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
 "Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame." 100

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
 His memory with unholy rage pursues;
 While from these arduous cares of public weal
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
 O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind 105
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
 The world's most perfect image to display,
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
 Unmov'd or cold! 110
 O fool! to deem
 That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know
 Inspir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;

95 turn] pause; 1748a, 1748b 97 So mark thou] Cry, Hail, on 1748a
 1748b 106 at all that] whatever 1748a, 1748b 107 Must join
 the noblest forms of every kind] And with the Charms of every Scene
 combin'd 1748a, 1748b 108 to] must 1748a, 1748b 109 behold]
 descry 1748a, 1748b 110 Unmov'd or cold] With heedless Eye; 1748a,
 1748b 114 Inspir'd by nature] By Nature planted, 1748a, 1748b

That [*] he, if haply some presumptuous foe, 115
 With false ignoble science fraught,
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;
 That he their dear defence will shun,
 Or hide their glories from the sun,
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand! 120

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
 From public themes the Muse's quire
 Content with polish'd ease retire.
 Where priests the studious head command, 125
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
 To vile ambition's aim,
 Say, what can the public themes afford,
 Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
 Reserv'd for angry heaven and scorn'd of honest fame? 130

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
 To all her valiant sons is known;
 Where all are conscious of her cares,
 And each the power, that rules him, shares;

121 plain] Meads, 1748a, 1748b 122 Or...Seine] Or where the Seine
 his Current leads, 1748a, 1748b 133 are conscious of her cares]
 direct the Sword she wears, 1748a, 1748b

[*] Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his Defence of the people of England
 against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself
 speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction of his reply to Morus.

Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue 135
 Leaves public arguments unsung,
 Bid public praise farewell:
 Let him to fitter climes remove,
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell. 140

IV. 3.

O Hastings, not to all

Can ruling heaven the same endowments lend:
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,
 That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
 Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine 145
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
 Though with new honors the patrician's line
 Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.
 The poet's name 150
 He best shall prove,
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.

135 dastard tongue] listless Feet 1748a, 1748b 136 Leaves...unsung]
 From public Labours would retreat, 1748a, 1748b 137 praise] Joys
 1748a, 1748b 144-149 1748a and 1748b read

That each their different Powers to one Pursuit should bend;
 To one, the general Weal. What, tho' the Muse 145
 With Sweetness fill the Bosom of her Son?
 Tho' public Power the high Patrician's Brows
 With Honour clothe? Yet this Pursuit alone
 Can rescue Both from Envy and from Blame.

152 with noblest passions] to noblest Functions 1748a, 1748b

But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould, 155
 The grateful country of thy sires,
 Thee to sublimer paths demand;
 Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
 Or thy own [*] Edward teach his race,
 Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand. 160

V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,
 They led the rustic youth to arms;
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
 While private strife their banners rear'd.
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown, 165
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne
 No private master fills:
 Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
 And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth, wills. 170

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
 The swelling democratic tide;
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,
 And baffle faction's partial aim:

160 sank] sunk 1748a, 1748b 170 judgeth...judgeth] judges...judges,
 1748a, 1748b

[*] Stanza IV. 3.] Edward the Third; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,

175

To quell that servile hand, who kneel

To freedom's banish'd foes;

That monster, which is daily found

Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;

Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

180

V. 3.

'Tis highest heaven's command,

That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;

That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,

And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.

But look on freedom. See, through every age,

185

What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!

What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,

Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!

For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains

Of happy swains,

190

Which now resound

Where [*] Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,

Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail

The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

179 thy] its 1748a, 1748b 183 maim] curb 1748a, 1748b 185 See] see, 1772a, 1772b 192 pastures bound] Vale surround, 1748a, 1748b 193 There] there, 1772a, 1772b oft let the farmer hail] let the glad Farmer say 1748a, 1748b 194 The...gate] What mighty Scenes have honour'd his low Gate, 1748a, 1748b

[*] Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the Earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farm-house, and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of the plotting parlour.

And shew to strangers passing down the vale, 195
 Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne sate;
 When bursting from their country's chain,
 Even in the midst of deadly harms,
 Of papal snares and lawless arms,
 They plann'd for freedom this her noblest reign. 200

VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
 Which Nassau gave us all to share,
 Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
 Could fear have silenc'd freedom's claim.
 But fear in vain attempts to bind 205
 Those lofty efforts of the mind
 Which social good inspires;
 Where men, for this, assault a throne,
 Each adds the common welfare to his own;
 And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires. 210

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
 Our fields in civil blood imbru'd?
 When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
 And half the astonish'd isle was lost?
 Did one of all that vaunting train, 215
 Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
 Durst one in arms appear?

195 to strangers passing down the vale] the Stranger passing on his Way,
 1748a, 1748b 200 noblest] awful 1748a, 1748b VI. 1.] VI. 2.
 1772a 216 affront] to curse 1748a, 1748b

Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
 Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to chear? 220

VI. 3.

Yet, Hastings, these are they
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
 The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve!
 But let their works declare them. Thy free powers, 225
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
 Oft nobly sways 230
 Ingenuous youth:
 But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
 He, from the faithful records of his throne, 235
 Bids the historian and the bard
 Dispose of honor and of scorn;
 Discern the patriot from the slave;
 And write the good, the wise, the brave,
 For lessons to the multitude unborn. 240

232 But, sought from cowards] But from the Coward, 1748a, 1748b 234
 fixeth] fixes 1748a, 1748b

ODES, BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the
French Comedians were acting by Subscription.

MDCCXLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakespeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo, from the blissful bowers where heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage, 5
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have imbrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn, 10
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style 15
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.

ODE I. THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE: Supposed to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subscription. MDCCXLIX. 1772a 1772b Title: THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE: &c. 1772a, 1772b

And say, ye skillful in the human heart,
 Who know to prize a poet's noblest part, 20
 What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
 For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
 I saw this England break the shameful bands
 Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
 I saw each groaning realm her aid implore; 25
 Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore;
 Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
 Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
 Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
 Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd: 30
 New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
 New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
 Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
 In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.
 Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew? 35
 My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
 Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
 Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
 What other bard in any clime appears
 Alike the master of your smiles and tears? 40
 Yet have I deign'd your audience to intice
 With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
 Or have my various scenes a purpose known
 Which freedom, virtue, glory, might not own?

Such from the first was my dramatic plan; 45
 It should be yours to crown what I began:
 And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
 And equal laws and social science reign,
 I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
 View nobler bards and juster critics rise, 50
 Intent with learned labour to refine
 The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
 Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
 And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
 Till rival nations listen at her feet, 55
 And own her polish'd as they own'd her great.
 But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfill?
 Is France at last the standard of your skill?
 Alas for you! that so betray a mind
 Of art unconscious and to beauty blind. 60
 Say; does her language your ambition raise,
 Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
 Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
 And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
 Say; does your humble admiration chuse 65
 The gentle prattle of her Comic Muse,
 While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
 Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?
 Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts
 Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts, 70

Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?

No. Though the charms of novelty, awhile,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,
Yet not for you design'd indulgent fate 75

The modes or manners of the Bourbon state.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,

And many an augury my hope misleads,
If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign, 80

Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life;

Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,

Would yield his portion of his country's fame, 85
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,

With lying smiles oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.

O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause, 90

Whom heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,

The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;

Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms 95
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms:

Nor for the ornaments of life imbrace
 Dishonest lessons from that vaunting race,
 Whom fate's dread laws (for, in eternal fate
 Despotie rule was heir to freedom's hate) 100
 Whom in each warlike, each commercial part,
 In civil counsel, and in pleasing art,
 The judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
 And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd, 5
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
 Oh whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dews,
 Whom dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
 Around whose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse? 10

ODE II. TO SLEEP. 1772a 1745, 1760, 1772b Title: TO SLEEP. 1745,
 1760, 1772a, 1772b 1 welcome] balmy 1745 4 Sore pain and weary
 toil] Fatigue and toiling pain 1745 5 kinder looks] sweet success
 1745 6 And...wound] And sad remorse forgets her secret wound; 1745
 9 Whom...rod] O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod? 1745, 1760
 10 whose temples now] what peaceful couch 1745, 1760

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.
 The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood, 15
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
 No wakeful sound the moon-light valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose. 20

III.

Oh let me not alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down, 25
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies:
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me! 30

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:

21 alone complain] thus watch alone: 1745 22 Alone...vain] 0 hear
 my solitary moan: 1745 25 courtly statesman's] statesman's thorny
 1745 26 Nor] Or 1745 28 loves] burns 1745 29 which] that
 1745 bigot's] tyrant's 1745 31 forms] joys 1745

The figur'd brass, the choral song,
 The rescu'd people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws 35
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu. 40

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair:
 Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such strong command
 That the young sorcerer's fatal hand 45
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.

36 Fix'd by the counsels] Bent on the dictates 1745 38 in] to 1745
 41-46 1745 reads

[V.]

Blest be my fate! I need not pray
 That lovesick dreams be kept away:
 No female charms, of fancy born,
 Nor damask cheek, nor sparkling eye,
 With me the bands of sleep untie, 45
 Or steal by minutes half the sauntering morn.

44 strong command] influence bland 1760

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius,
 the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the pub-
 lic assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH. 3
 3 it] his decision. 1745

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
 (A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain. 50

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
 Such honorable visions bring,
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe 55
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restor'd. 60

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O rustic herald of the spring,
 At length in yonder woody vale
 Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;

47-50 1745 reads

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile,
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
 Bids wealth and place the fever'd night beguile,
 To gall my waking hours with more vexatious pain. 50
 51 balmy] dewy 1745 52 honorable] fair auspicious 1745 55 race]
 tribes 1745 58 deep] kind 1745

And, studious of thy homely tale,
 Amid the vespers of the grove, 5
 Amid the chaunting choir of love,
 Thy sage responses hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
 To hear thy voice the woods invade;
 And when thy solemn accent drown'd 10
 Some sweeter poet of the shade,
 Thus, thought I, thus the sons of care
 Some constant youth or generous fair
 With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I said, "While Philomela's song 15
 "Proclaims the passion of the grove,
 "It ill beseems a cuckow's tongue
 "Her charming language to reprove"—
 Alas, how much a lover's ear
 Hates all the sober truth to hear, 20
 The sober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
 When nought but lofty faith can rule
 The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
 How cuckow-like in Cupid's school, 25
 With store of grave prudential saws
 On fortune's power and custom's laws,
 Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
 Whom love and hope and fancy sway, 30
 Who every harsher care disdain,
 Who by the morning judge the day,
 Think that, in April's fairest hours,
 To warbling shades and painted flowers
 The cuckow joins his lay. 35

ODE IV.

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND

IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCL.

I. 1.

HOW oft shall I survey
 This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
 The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
 The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray?
 When will thy cheerful mind 5
 Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
 Or, tell me, dost thou deem
 No more to join in glory's toilsome race,
 But here content imbrace
 That happy leisure which thou had'st resign'd? 10

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,

When books and youthful sport the soul could share,

Ere one ambitious care

Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;

Oft as your winged train

15

Revisit here my friend in white array,

Oh fail not to display

Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,

That so his generous heart

The abode of even friendship may remain.

20

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,

I saw from contemplation's quiet cell

His feet ascending to another home

Where public praise and envied greatness dwell.

But shall we therefore, O my lyre

25

Reprove ambition's best desire?

Extinguish glory's flame?

Far other was the task injoin'd

When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:

Far other faith belongs to friendship's honor'd name.

30

II. 1.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms

Of slumbering ease, nor pleasure's rosy chain,

Were destin'd to detain:

No, nor bright science, nor the Muse's charms.

For them high heaven prepares 35
 Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
 And ne'er would Spenser's hand
 Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
 Nor Harrington to tell
 What habit an immortal city wears, 40

II. 2.

Had this been born to shield
 The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
 Or that, like Vere, display'd
 His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field.
 Yet where the will divine 45
 Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
 With reason clad in strains
 Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
 And virtue's living fire
 To feed and eternize in hearts like thine. 50

II. 3.

For never shall the herd, whom envy sways,
 So quell my purpose or my tongue controul,
 That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
 Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
 Yet, if this undissembling strain 55
 Should now perhaps thine ear detain
 With any pleasing sound,
 Remember thou that righteous fame
 From hoary age a strict account will claim
 Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way

Where heaven expects thee, nor the traveller leads,

Through flowers or fragrant meads,

Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of fate

65

To nobler virtues wed severer cares.

Is there a man who shares

The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?

Ask him (for he can tell)

What storms beat round that rough laborious height. 70

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old

Did generous England freedom's throne ordain;

From Alfred's parent reign

To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;

I know your perils hard,

75

Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,

The night estrang'd from ease,

The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,

The head with doubt perplex'd,

The indignant heart disdaining the reward 80

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,

O praise from judging heaven and virtuous men,

If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,

Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?

And now they sit on thrones above: 85

And when among the gods they move
 Before the sovran mind,
 "Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
 "Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
 From violence and fear asserted human kind." 90

IV. 1.
 Thus honor'd while the train
 Of legislators in his presence dwell;
 If I may aught foretell,
 The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
 For dreadful deeds of arms 95
 Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
 More glittering trophies raise:
 But wisest heaven what deeds may chiefly move
 To favor and to love?
 What, save wide blessings, or averted harms? 100

IV. 2.
 Nor to the imbattled field
 Shall these achievements of the peaceful gown
 The green immortal crown
 Of valor, or the songs of conquest, yield.
 Not Fairfax wildly bold, 105
 While bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
 Through Naseby's firm array,
 To heavier dangers did his breast oppose
 Than Pym's free virtue chose,
 When the proud force of Strafford he controul'd. 110

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?

What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind

When (blighted all the promise of his youth)

The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?

Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains, 115

Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,

Let menac'd London tell

How impious guile made wisdom base;

How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;

And how unblest'd he liv'd and how dishonor'd fell. 120

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muse

Around his tomb Pierian roses flung:

Nor shall one poet's tongue

His name for music's pleasing labor chuse.

And sure, when nature kind 125

Hath deck'd some favor'd breast above the throng,

That man with grievous wrong

Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends

To guilt's ignoble ends

The functions of his ill-submitting mind. 130

V. 2.

For worthy of the wise

Nothing can seem but virtue; nor earth yield

Their fame an equal field,

Save where impartial freedom gives the prize.

There Somers fix'd his name, 135

Inroll'd the next to William. There shall Time

To every wondering clime

Point out that Somers, who from faction's croud,

The slanderous and the loud,

Could fair assent and modest reverence claim.

140

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or social arts acquire,

Nor this majestic weal of Albion's land

Did aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,

Without his guidance, his superior hand.

And rightly shall the Muse's care

145

Wreaths like her own for him prepare,

Whose mind's inamor'd aim

Could forms of civil beauty draw

Sublime as ever sage or poet saw,

Yet still to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

150

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!

The Muse was never foreign to his breast:

On power's grave seat confess'd,

Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.

And if the blessed know

155

Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,

Where haply Milton roves

With Spenser, hear the enchanted echos round

Through farthest heaven resound

Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below.

160

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
 That letters and the Muse's powerful art
 Exalt the ingenuous heart,
 And brighten every form of just and true.
 They lend a nobler sway 165
 To civil wisdom, than corruption's lure
 Could ever yet procure:
 They too from envy's pale malignant light
 Conduct her forth to sight
 Cloath'd in the fairest colors of the day. 170

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
 Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
 And when I speak of one to freedom dear
 For planning wisely and for acting well,
 Of one whom glory loves to own, 175
 Who still by liberal means alone
 Hath liberal ends pursu'd;
 Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
 "This man with faithful friendship," will I say,
 "From youth to honor'd age my arts and me hath view'd." 180

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the springs within the mind
 Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end 5
 Such reverence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, virtue's friend,
 So like to virtue's self appears.

III.

For who in glory can delight
 Without delight in glorious deeds? 10
 What man a charming voice can slight,
 Who courts the echo that succeeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
 More, than on virtue, praise depends;
 To which, of course, it's real price 15
 The judgment of the praiser lends.

V.

If praise then with religious awe
 From the sole perfect judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught. 20

VI.

With which in character the same
 Tho' in an humbler sphere it lies,
 I count that soul of human fame,
 The suffrage of the good and wise.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE:

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
 While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
 When first the morn allures it's wings,
 The epicure his theme pursues:
 And tell me if, among the choir 5
 Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
 So full, so free, so rich a strain
 E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
 Admires the well-dissembled art 10
 That can such harmony impart
 To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
 While wit from affectation clear,
 Bright images, and passions true,
 Recall to thy assenting view 15
 The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
 This priest of pleasure, who aspires
 To lead us to her sacred fires,
 Knows he the ritual of her shrine? 20
 Say (her sweet influence to thy song
 So may the goddess still afford)
 Doth she consent to be ador'd
 With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here 25
 Need we in high indignant phrase
 From their Elysian quiet raise;
 But pleasure's oracle alone
 Consult; attentive, not severe.
 O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee; 30
 Nor emulate the rigid knee
 Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V.

We own had fate to man assign'd
 Nor sense, nor wish but what obey
 Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay, 35
 Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
 Most aptly govern human kind:
 Unless perchance what he hath sung
 Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
 Some wrangling heretic should plead. 40

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
 For dauntless truth and honest fame;
 With that strong master of our frame,
 The inexorable judge within,
 What can be done? Alas, ye fires 45
 Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
 Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
 — Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

MDCCLIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
 For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
 In every nation Time displays
 The palm of honourable praise.
 Envy may rail; and faction fierce 5
 May strive: but what, alas, can those
 (Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
 To gratitude and love oppose,
 To faithful story and persuasive verse?

ODE VII. TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.
 MDCCLIV. 1772a D, 1772b Title: TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN &c.
 1772a, 1772b : ODE To the Right Reverend BENJAMIN Lord Bishop of WINCHES-
 TER. D.

I. 2.

O nurse of freedom, Albion, say, 10
 Thou tamer of despotic sway,
 What man, among thy sons around,
 Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
 What page, in all thy annals bright,
 Hast thou with purer joy survey'd 15
 Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
 Shines through imposture's solemn shade,
 Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bless'd,
 Who sent religion, from the palmy field 20
 By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
 And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
 To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
 "Go thou, and rescue my dishonor'd law
 "From hands rapacious and from tongues impure: 25
 "Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
 "Fell persecution's mortal snares to aid:
 "Let not my words be impious chains to draw
 "The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
 "To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid." 30

17 imposture's solemn] the deep unhallow'd D 18 and through]
 fraud and D 23 his mandate he address'd] He utter'd his behest: D
 27 Fell persecution's mortal snares] The snares of savage tyranny D

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
 Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
 The world soon felt it: and, on high,
 To William's ear with welcome joy
 Did [*] Locke among the blest unfold 35
 The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
 [†] Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
 And [‡] Somers, when from earth he came,
 And generous [+] Stanhope the fair sequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around, 40
 (Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
 And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
 What private force could thus subdue
 The vulgar and the great combin'd;
 Could war with sacred folly wage; 45
 Could a whole nation disengage
 From the dread bonds of many an age,
 And to new habits mould the public mind.

31 or] nor D 39 generous] valiant D

[*] Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty:

[†] Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power:

[‡] Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy against the protestant establishment;

[+] and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

II. 3.

For not a conquerer's sword,

Nor the strong powers to civil founders known, 50
 Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
 And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
 Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
 To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
 Not monkish craft the tyrant's claim divine, 55
 Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel shrine
 Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
 Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
 Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
 Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage. 60

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
 Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
 For look on life's laborious scene:
 What rugged spaces lie between
 Adventurous virtue's early toils 65
 And her triumphal throne! The shade
 Of death, mean time, does oft invade
 Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
 Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power: 70
 — O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
 On earth arrive, with thankful awe
 We own just heaven's indulgent law,

And proudly thy success behold;
 We attend thy reverend length of days 75
 With benediction and with praise,
 And hail Thee in our public ways
 Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
 Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd 80
 Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
 Who rescu'd or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
 O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
 Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
 O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes, 85
 May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
 Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
 Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
 That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
 Which Thou hast kept intire from force and factious guile. 90

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
 If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
 That beauty ought not to be tried
 But by its native power to please,

Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell, 5
 What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unsullied smile,
 And wisdom speaking in her mien:
 Yet (she so artless all the while,
 So little studious to be seen) 10
 We nought but instant gladness know,
 Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither music, nor the powers
 Of youth and mirth and frolick cheer,
 Add half that sunshine to the hours, 15
 Or make life's prospect half so clear,
 As memory brings it to the eye
 From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
 Or fault or indiscretion find; 20
 Nor any prouder sage declare
 One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
 Whose form with lovelier colours glows
 Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part: 25
 This gives the most unbounded sway:
 This shall inchant the subject heart
 When rose and lily fade away;
 And she be still, in spite of time,
 Sweet Amoret in all her prime. 30

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?

By what magic drawn away

Have I left my studious theme?

From this philosophic page,

From the problems of the sage, 5

Wandering thro' a pleasing dream?

II.

'Tis in vain alas! I find,

Much in vain, my zealous mind

Would to learned wisdom's throne

Dedicate each thoughtful hour: 10

Nature bids a softer power

Claim some minutes for his own.

III.

Let the busy or the wise

View him with contemptuous eyes;

Love is native to the heart: 15

Guide its wishes as you will;

Without Love you'll find it still

Void in one essential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair

Touches with a lover's care; 20

Though the pride of my desire
 Asks immortal friendship's name,
 Asks the palm of honest fame,
 And the old heroic lyre;
 V.
 Though the day have smoothly gone, 25
 Or to letter'd leisure known,
 Or in social duty spent;
 Yet at eve my lonely breast
 Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
 Languishes for true content. 30

ODE X.

TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE:

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

MDCCLI.

I.

BELIEVE me, Edwards, to restrain
 The licence of a railer's tongue
 Is what but seldom men obtain
 By sense or wit, by prose or song:
 A task for more Herculean powers, 5
 Nor suited to the sacred hours
 Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

V.] IV. 1772a

ODE X. TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE: ON THE LATE EDITION OF MR. POPE'S
 WORKS. MDCCLI. 1772a 1766, 1772b Title: TO THOMAS EDWARDS, &c.
1772a, 1772b : AN ODE TO THE LATE THOMAS EDWARDS, Esq; Written in the
 Year M.DCC.LI. 1766

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
 The Muse, the blameless queen, resides:
 Fair fame attends, and wisdom calm 10
 Her eloquence harmonious guides:
 While, shut for ever from her gate,
 Oft trying, still repining, wait
 Fierce envy and calumnious hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds 15
 Would step one moment forth to heed
 What impotent and savage sounds
 From their unhappy mouths proceed?
 No: rather Spenser's lyre again
 Prepare, and let thy pious strain 20
 For Pope's dishonor'd shade complain.

IV.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
 When lately in the Elysian grove
 They of his Muse's guardian heard,
 His delegate to fame above; 25
 And what with one accord they said
 Of wit in drooping age mislead,
 And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
 To that melodious lyre assign'd 30
 Beneath a tutor who so late

With Midas and his [*] rout combin'd
 By spiteful clamor to confound
 That very lyre's enchanting sound,
 Though listening realms admir'd around: 35

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
 Of his friend Pope's satiric line
 Did farther fuel scarce require
 From such a militant divine:
 How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain 40
 Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
 With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakespear debonnair and mild
 Brought that strange comment forth to view;
 Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd, 45
 Than his own fools or madmen knew:
 But thank'd a generous friend above,
 Who did with free adventurous love
 Such pageants from his tomb remove.

49 pageants] trophies 1766 tomb] tomb† 1766

[*] Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present Lord Bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his Lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

† See the Canons of Criticism by Mr. EDWARDS.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need, 50
 The same kind office thou would'st pay,
 Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
 That future bards with frequent lay
 Should call on thy auspicious name,
 From each absurd intruder's claim 55
 To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

OF ENGLAND.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
 Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
 Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
 Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
 Freeman and soldier was their common name. 5
 Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
 Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
 Who taught the steer the wintry plow to indure,

ODE XI. TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND. MDCCLVIII. 1772a 1758a,
 1758b, 1772b Title: TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN &c. 1772a, 1772b : ODE
 TO THE Country Gentlemen of ENGLAND. and motto 'rusticorum mascula mili-
tum Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus Versare glebas HOR.' 1758a, 1758b

Now in full councils check'd incroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know. 10

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons
To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted? whose proud lords 15
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your swords
To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod:
These are the public will, the reason of the land. 20

III.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas, the while
Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd, 25
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from fortune's sway?
Amid the storms of war, how soon may all
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day! 30

9 in full councils] with stern counsel 1758a 10 And...know] And bade
the gen'ral weal her scepter'd vassal know. 1758a : And gave the gen'ral
weal its majesty to know. 1758b 11 loitering] sluggard 1758a 12
To...Seine] To Po, to wanton Loire and boasting Seine; 1758a 13 frail
palaces] weak progeny 1758a 14 cities looking] the far bord'ers 1758a:
cities bord'ring 1758b 15 Ye lost, ye] Abject and 1758a

IV.

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fertile vales
 Add industry's wise gifts to nature's store:
 And every port is crouded with thy sails,
 And every wave throws treasure on thy shore.
 What boots it? If luxurious plenty charm 35
 Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arm
 Shrink at the frowns of danger and of pain,
 Those gifts, that treasure is no longer thine.
 Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will shine
 Tempting the eye of force, and deck thee to thy bane. 40

V.

But what hath force or war to do with thee?
 Girt by the azure tide and thron'd sublime
 Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou canst see,
 With scorn, the fury of each hostile clime
 Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe 45
 Are thy fair fields. athwart thy guardian prow
 No bold invader's foot shall tempt the strand—
 Yet say, my country, will the waves and wind
 Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes resign'd
 To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand? 50

39-40 1758a and 1758b read

A coward's golden heaps malignant shine,
 Bribing rapacious force to work their owner's bane.

VI.

For oh may neither fear nor stronger love
 (Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
 Thee, last of many wretched nations, move,
 With mighty armies station'd round the throne
 To trust thy safety. Then, farewell the claims 55
 Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
 Then bear, an offering at ambition's shrine;
 Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
 From furious John's, or faithless Charles's hand,
 Or what great William seal'd for his adopted line. 60

VII.

But if thy sons be worthy of their name,
 If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
 Let them from conquest, and from servile shame
 In war's glad school their own protectors rise.
 Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains, 65
 Ye leaders of her bold and faithful swains,
 Now not unequal to your birth be found:
 The public voice bids arm your rural state,
 Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wait,
 And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around. 70

51-55 1758a reads

For let not— O! thy surest bane beware—
 O! let not danger's threats, nor rev'rence won
 By virtuous kings, seduce thee to prepare,
 In armies ever waiting round the throne,
 A wretched safety. Then, farewell thy claims 55

59 From...hand] From fierce Plantagenet's or Stuart's hand, 1758a, 1758b

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
 Detains you from their head, your native post?
 Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
 'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
 Each man his task in social life sustains. 75
 With partial labours, with domestic gains
 Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
 By counsel and by arms the public cause
 To serve for public love and love's applause,
 The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath given. 80

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedemon's fame?
 Of Attic chiefs in freedom's war divine?
 Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
 The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
 Your lot was theirs. the farmer and the swain 85
 Met his lov'd patron's summons from the plain;
 The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
 Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
 The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
 And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough. 90

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
 This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
 Shall war's heroic arts no more ingage
 The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?

Doth valour to the race no more belong? 95
 No more with scorn of violence and wrong
 Doth forming nature now her sons inspire,
 That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
 The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
 And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire? 100

XI.

O shame to human life, to human laws!
 The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
 Who his fell sword without affection draws,
 Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
 This man the lessons of the field can learn; 105
 Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
 And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
 To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
 Are social arms held out to your free hands:
 Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain. 110

XII.

Meantime by pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
 From the bright sun and living breeze ye stray;
 And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
 Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.

95 race] soul 1758a, 1758b 99 abash'd and aw'd] implicitly 1758a,
1758b 100 with hopeless hearts] abash'd and aw'd 1758a, 1758b 102
 loose adventurer] loose * advent'rer 1758a, 1758b 108 your paternal
 lands] rights, paternal lands, 1758a, 1758b 111 lying tales] sophis-
 try 1758a, 1758b

* e.g. two late marshalls of France.

O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue: 115
 The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
 The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
 While he doth riot's orgies haply share,
 Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
 Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend. 120

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
 That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
 That the rude village-inmates now disdain
 Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
 Alas, your fathers did by other arts 125
 Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
 And led in other paths their ductile will;
 By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
 Won them the ancient manners to revere,
 To prize their country's peace and heaven's due rites fulfill. 130

XIV.

But mark the judgement of experienc'd Time,
 Tutor of nations. Doth light discord tear
 A state? and impotent sedition's crime?
 The powers of warlike prudence dwell not there;
 The powers who to command and to obey, 135
 Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
 The rising race to manly concord tame?

133 and impotent sedition's crime] and outrage? and sedition's crime?
 1758a, 1758b 137 race] youth 1758a

Oft let the marshall'd field their steps unite,
 And in glad splendor bring before their sight
 One common cause and one hereditary fame. 140

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
 Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
 Though secrets, taught erewhile to them alone,
 They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
 Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell, 145
 Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
 And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
 To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
 The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
 And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain. 150

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
 On glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
 Why shall they now renounce that generous praise?
 Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
 Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand, 155
 And Albret rush'd on Henry's way-worn hand,
 With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
 Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
 Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd:
 They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound. 160

138 marshall'd] marshal'd 1772a, 1772b 142 proud] strict 1758a, 1758b
 155 Though] Yet 1758a 156 Albret] D'Albret 1758a, 1758b 158 Yet]
 But 1758a

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
 Such glory's dictates in their dauntless breast:
 — Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
 No nobler, holier call to You address'd?
 O! by majestic freedom, righteous laws, 165
 By heavenly truth's, by manly reason's cause,
 Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
 By friendship, social peace, domestic love,
 Rise; arm; your country's living safety prove;
 And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore. 170

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS,

IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCLVIII.

I.

THY verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
 Once more I seek, a languid guest:
 With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
 Once more I climb thy steep aerial way.
 O faithful cure of oft-returning ill, 5
 Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
 Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
 And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
 My weary lungs thy healing gale, 10
 The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale:
 How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
 Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
 Awak'd I stop, and look to find
 What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind, 15
 Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
 The distant voice of health I hear
 Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
 "Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries; 20
 "Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
 "Meet thee beneath yon chesnut bower,
 "And leniant on thy bosom pour
 "That indolence divine which lulls the earth and skies."

IV.

The goddess promis'd not in vain. 25
 I found her at my favorite time.
 Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
 While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
 She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
 Of nymphs and zepthers, to my view 30
 Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
 Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

V.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
 Shone like the golden star of love.
 I saw her hand in careless measures move; 35
 I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
 While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
 New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
 New colours clothe external things,
 And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire. 40

VI.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
 Once more to this inliven'd hand,
 My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
 The voice of glory, solemn and severe,
 My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord 45
 To thee her joyful tribute pay,
 And send a less-ambitious lay
 Of friendship and of love to greet thy master's ear.

VII.

For when within thy shady seat
 First from the sultry town he chose, 50
 And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
 Then wast thou mine; to me a happier home
 For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
 Estrang'd from all the intangling ways
 In which the restless vulgar strays, 55
 Through nature's simple paths with ancient faith might roam.

VIII.

And while around his sylvan scene
 My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
 Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
 Their sages came: oft heard our lingering walk 60
 The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
 And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
 Though much for liberty afraid,
 With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

IX.

But other guests were on their way, 65
 And reach'd erelong this favor'd grove;
 Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
 Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
 Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
 The best and wisest. As they came, 70
 Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
 And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
 He led along his chosen maid
 And to my friend with smiles presenting said; 75
 "Receive that fairest wealth which heaven assign'd
 "To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
 "One wish, one utmost hope confess?
 "Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
 "Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind." 80

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE

OF BRANDENBURGH: [*]

MDCCLI.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
 And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
 Have seldom turn'd their feet from glory's chace
 To dwell with books or court the Muse's charms.
 Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought 5
 Some genuine transcript of their calmer thought,
 There still we own the wise, the great, or good;
 And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen,
 As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
 As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian flood. 10

ODE XIII. TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURGH: MDCCLI.
 1772a 1772b Title: TO THE AUTHOR &c. 1772a, 1772b

[*] In the year 1751 appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of Memoires pour servir a l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, a Berlin & a la Haye; with a privilege signed FEDERIC; the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] Il se fit une migration (the author is speaking of what happened on the revocation of the edict of Nantes) dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainsi & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pseumes de Clement Marot.

Page 242.] La crainte donna le jour a la credulité, & l'amour propre interessa bientot le ciel au destin des hommes.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
 Thy vigils could the student's lamp engage,
 Except for this? except that future fame
 Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
 That if hereafter envy shall presume 15
 With words irreverent to inscribe thy tomb,
 And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling,
 That hence posterity may try thy reign,
 Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
 And view in native lights the hero and the king. 20

III.

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
 Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
 Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
 With private honor or with public zeal?
 Whence then at things divine those darts of scorn? 25
 Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
 For sacred truth, a prey to laughter given?
 What fiend, what foe of nature urg'd thy arm
 The Almighty of his scepter to disarm?
 To push this earth adrift and leave it loose from heaven? 30

IV.

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
 Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wise,
 Ye first of mortals with the bless'd inroll'd,
 Say did not horror in your bosoms rise,

When thus by impious vanity impell'd 35
 A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
 Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
 Those bands which ye so labor'd to improve?
 Those hopes and fears of justice from above,
 Which tam'd the savage world to your divine commands? 40

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!

Tempt me no more, insidious love:

Thy soothing sway

Long did my youthful bosom prove:

At length thy treason is discern'd, 5

At length some dear-bought caution earn'd:

Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I see

Her merit. Needs it now be shewn,

Alas, to me? 10

How often, to myself unknown,

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid

Have I admir'd! How often said,

What joy to call a heart like her's one's own!

III.

But, flattering god,

15

O squanderer of content and ease,

In thy abode

Will care's rude lesson learn to please?

O say, deceiver, hast thou won,

Proud fortune to attend thy throne,

20

Or plac'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honor, female shame,

O! whither, sweetest offspring of the sky,

From Albion dost thou fly;

Of Albion's daughters once the favorite fame?

O beauty's only friend,

5

Who giv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;

Who selfish, bold desire

Dost to esteem and dear affection turn;

Alas, of thee forlorn

What joy, what praise, what hope can life pretend? 10

II.

Behold; our youths in vain

Concerning nuptial happiness inquire:

Our maids no more aspire

The arts of bashful Hymen to attain;

But with triumphant eyes

15

And cheeks impassive, as they move along,

Ask homage of the throng.

The lover swears that in a harlot's arms

Are found the self-same charms,

And worthless and deserted lives and dies.

20

III.

Behold; unblest'd at home,

The father of the cheerless household mourns:

The night in vain returns,

For love and glad content at distance roam;

While she, in whom his mind

25

Seeks refuge from the day's dull task of cares,

To meet him she prepares,

Through noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,

A listless, harass'd heart,

Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

30

IV.

'Twas thus, along the shore

Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,

From many a tongue preferr'd,

Of strife and grief the fond invective lore:

At which the queen divine 35
Indignant, with her adamantine spear
Like thunder sounding near,
Smote the red cross upon her silver shield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.) 40

* * * * *

ODES, ATTRIBUTED TO AKENSIDE.

ODE I.

HORACE, B. iii. ODE I.

I hate the vulgar, the profane,
Far hence! ye rude unhallow'd train!
Let silence wait the sacred song,
While I, the Muse's laurell'd priest,
Instruct the young, unspotted breast, 5
Which yet no guilty cares invest,
In strains unknown before to any poet's tongue.

Let subject lands revere the throne;
Let scepter'd kings their sov'reign own
Olympian Jove; the thunderer-god; 10
By whom the earth-born monsters fell,
While earth and ocean, heav'n and hell
Shrink from his awful eye, and tremble at his nod.

Mortals with various gifts by heav'n are blest;
On this perhaps is wealth profuse bestow'd; 15
This is of virtue and of fame confest;
This of illustrious fathers vainly proud:
Each with his friends and party train,
Content his rival wishes to obtain;
Alas! how foolish is the strife! 20
How vain the fears and hopes of life!
One urn contains the great and small,
The mighty and the mean;

Each must obey when fate shall call,
 And the same exit shuts the various scene. 25

Since then no art eludes the rage of death,
 Nor sighs nor tears protract the fleeting breath;
 Why still that cloud upon thy brow?
 When courting joys attend to day,
 And scenes of circling bliss around thee play, 30
 Why dost thou fright the genial hours away?
 Why dash the present joy with dread of future woe?

The wretch that fears th' o'er-hanging sword,
 Heeds not the banquet on the board;
 Art has not charms to please his taste; 35
 Not all the rapture of the lyre,
 Nor all the warbling sylvan quire,
 Can lull to sleep the trembling guest:
 For Sleep's serene propitious power
 Loves the calm cottage and the bower; 40
 Sleep o'er the careless guiltless swain,
 Thro' Tempe's boughs, where zepthers blow,
 And murmuring rills descend below,
 Sheds the soft blessings of his reign.

Him whose desires the wants of nature bound, 45
 The trivial rage of fortune ne'er shall wound:

He may behold, with peaceful eye,
 The roaring sea, the raging sky:
 His happy breast nor barren soils,
 Ungrateful to the rustick's toils; 50
 Nor harvests blasted by the storm,
 Nor suns that burn the iron plain,
 Nor sinking floods of sordid rain,
 With one uneasy thought shall ruffle or deform.

But where will licens'd wishes end? 55
 See! o'er the deep projected moles extend,
 And of their haunts deprive the finny shoals;
 See! o'er the labours of his pride,
 While trembling slaves attend his side,
 The master's eye elate with pleasure rolls. 60

But soon this short-liv'd gleam is past,
 Soon rising fears his joys o'ercast;
 And wakeful care forbids him long to rest;
 Care steers his painted galley's course,
 Care mounts behind him on the horse, 65
 Haunts all his ways, and stings his tortur'd breast.

Since then not all that wealth can boast
 Of treasures drawn from every coast,
 Not Phrygia's marble, nor Falernum's bowl,

Since not Arabia's richest stores, 70
 Nor all the pride of Tyrian shores,
 Can heal the anguish of the soul:
 Why should I change my humble cell?
 Why the low roofs, where peace can dwell,
 Enlarge for discontent and pain? 75
 Why for the joyless dream of state,
 Dangers that still pursue the great,
 Thro' the fell maze of envy and deceit,
 Forsake my blissful ease, my smiling Sabine plain?

M. A.

Ode II.

An Ode, July, 1740.

FROM pompous life's dull masquerade,
 From pride's pursuits, and passion's war,
 Far, my CORDELIA, very far!
 To thee and me may Heaven assign,
 The silent pleasures of the shade, 5
 The joys of peace, unenvied, though divine.

 Safe in the calm embowering grove,
 As thy own lovely brow serene;
 Behold the world's fantastic scene!
 What low pursuits employ the great, 10
 What tinsel things their wishes move,
 The forms of Fashion, and the toys of State.

In vain are all CONTENTMENT'S charms,

Her placid mien, her cheerful eye,

For look, CORDELIA, how they fly!

15

Allured by Power, Applause, or Gain,

They fly her kind protecting arms;

Ah, blind to pleasure, and in love with pain!

Turn and indulge a fairer view,

Smile on the joys which here conspire;

20

O joys harmonious as my lyre!

O prospect of enchanting things,

As ever slumbering Poet knew

When Love and Fancy wrapt him in their wings!

Here, no rude storm of passion blows,

25

But sports, and smiles, and virtues play,

Cheer'd by affection's purest ray;

The air still breathes contentment's balm,

And the clear stream of pleasure flows

For ever active, yet for ever calm.

30

INDEX OF TITLES

Affected Indifference. To the Same	21
Against Suspicion	22
At Study	124
Complaint, The	142
Horace, B. iii. Ode I	147
Hymn to Cheerfulness	25
Ode, July, 1740, An	150
On a Sermon against Glory. MDCCXLVII	83
On Domestic Manners [unfinished]	143
On Leaving Holland	36
On Love of Praise	115
On Love, to a Friend	58
On Lyric Poetry	68
On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness, in the Country. MDCCLVIII	136
On the Use of Poetry	34
On the Winter-Solstice, M.D.CC.XL.	9
Preface	6
Remonstrance of Shakespeare. MDCCXLIX, The	38
To a Friend, Unsuccessful in Love	17
To Caleb Hardinge, M. D.	81
To Curio. MDCCXLIV	41
To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet	62

	153
To Sleep	102
To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg: MDCCLI	140
To the Country Gentlemen of England. MDCCLVIII	128
To the Cuckow	105
To the Evening-Star	77
To the Honourable Charles Townshend: From the Country	75
To the Honourable Charles Townshend in the Country. MDCCL	107
To the Muse	56
To the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Huntingdon. MDCCXLVII	84
To the Right Reverend Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester. MDCCLIV	118
To Thomas Edwards, Esquire: On the Late Edition of Mr. Pope's Works. MDCCLI	125
To William Hall, Esquire: With the Works of Chaulieu	116
[Untitled]	122

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Attend to Chaulieu's wanton lyre	116
Away! Away	142
Behold, the Balance in the sky	62
Believe me, Edwards, to restrain	125
Come then, tell me, sage divine	83
Farewell to Leyden's lonely bound	36
For toils which patriots have endur'd	118
From pompous life's dull masquerade	150
How oft shall I survey	107
How thick the shades of evening close	25
If rightly tuneful bards decide	122
If yet regardful of your native land	98
I hate the vulgar, the profane	147
Indeed, my Phædria, if to find	17
Meek honor, female shame	143
No, foolish youth— To virtuous fame	58
Not for themselves did human kind	34
Of all the springs within the mind	115
Oh fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien	22
On yonder verdant hillock laid	6
Once more I join the Thespian choir	68

	155
O rustic herald of the spring	105
Queen of my songs, harmonious maid	56
Say, Townshend, what can London boast	75
The men renown'd as chiefs of human race	140
The radiant ruler of the year	9
The wise and great of every clime	84
Thou silent power, whose welcome sway	102
Thrice hath the spring beheld thy faded fame	41
Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's Hill	136
To-night retir'd the queen of heaven	77
Whither did my fancy stray	124
Whither is Europe's ancient spirit fled	128
With sordid floods the wintry Urn	81
Yes: you condemn the perjur'd maid	21

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* This list consists of works most helpful for the general background of the introductory sections.



